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PUBLIC BUSINESS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

THE last of three acts of the Parliamentary drama is about to begin. It is already certain that the legislative performances of the year will be comparatively modest. The Ministers may perhaps indirectly countenance by way of threat the extravagant proposal that Parliament should be kept sitting till all the Bills enumerated in the QUEEN'S Speech have been passed; but no Government is likely deliberately to insult and annoy a House of Commons in which it commands a large majority. The promises which are formally made at the beginning of every Session necessarily represent the possible maximum of legislation for the year. The catalogue is subject to mutilation in consequence of any unforeseen business which may occupy a part of the time at the disposal of Parliament. The administrative and financial functions of the House of Commons necessarily take precedence of legislation; and Bills of minor importance often give rise to prolonged debate. The reasons which were officially assigned for not mentioning the Affirmation Bill in the QUEEN'S Speech were perhaps sufficient, and the apologists of the Government might have added that a measure relating to the procedure of the House of Commons could not properly be introduced at the instance of the Crown. Nevertheless it was certain that, as the result amply proved, a Bill which caused so much feeling would be debated at length, especially when the decision of the House was more than doubtful. Mr. GLADSTONE has not been able wholly to silence the Opposition on the subject of the Transvaal, though he has obstinately withheld the constitutional facilities which are commonly given for a vote of censure. The encouragement which is given to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and to the officious managers of the new Liberal Club implies a desire to intimidate the Opposition, rather than a purpose of punishing the House by an indefinitely prolonged Session. Mr. GLADSTONE showed in his speech at the Aquarium and on other occasions that he is anxious to fasten on his adversaries the charge of obstruction. The threat of a penal Session is another mode of repeating an unjust accusation. It fortunately happens that none of the measures which will be dropped or suspended excites any general interest. There is indeed a sincere and perhaps well-founded impression that interference with existing institutions already proceeds rapidly enough.

On the eve of the recess Mr. GLADSTONE stated in detail the most pressing business which is to occupy the House. The indispensable votes will take a considerable time; the Corrupt Practices Bill is, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, especially urgent; it will be necessary to make the Ballot Act permanent; and it may be presumed that the Tenants Compensation Bill will not be abandoned or postponed. Some, if not all, of the Bills which are under the consideration of the two Grand Committees may possibly be discussed at length when they are reported to the House. It may perhaps be possible to dispose of all these matters by the middle of August; but there will be no opportunity of passing any other considerable measure. The Caucus could not illustrate its own tyrannical character more significantly than by the demand that Ministers should absolutely control the proceedings of the House of Commons. If the fulfilment of the pledges given in the QUEEN'S Speech is to be obligatory on the House of Commons, Parliament ceases to be independent and supreme. The coming democracy omits no opportunity

of warning old-fashioned politicians that freedom and constitutional government are incompatible with the threatened sovereignty of the multitude. The most effectual way of accelerating Parliamentary proceedings would be to restore the good understanding which formerly existed between the Government and the Opposition. It would seem that the autumn Session was wholly wasted, inasmuch as the most stringent among the new Rules of Procedure has not yet been applied. The experiment of the Grand Committees, which seems likely to attain a certain amount of success, might have been tried without serious opposition, if it had not been associated with the projects of silencing the minority.

The County Government Bill was dropped at the beginning of the Session, and there can be no doubt that it might without public inconvenience be indefinitely postponed; but since it has been connected in Ministerial declarations with the controversy on local taxation, it will probably be introduced in the course of next year. The demand of the demagogues that it should, notwithstanding the indifference of the Government, be immediately pressed forward, scarcely deserves consideration. The repeated announcement that the London Municipality Bill would be a principal measure of the present year has not been justified by the result. It is in the highest degree improbable that so complicated and important a measure should be brought in after the beginning of June. In some instances the passage of a Bill is facilitated by full opportunities of public discussion before it becomes the subject of Parliamentary debate; but the abolition of the present governing bodies of the metropolis will probably become less popular as the details of the scheme are more fully understood. It is not a little remarkable that the authors of the measure, Mr. BEAL and Mr. FIRTH, have wholly failed in their efforts to obtain popular support. Not a single vestry or parish has expressed approval of the Bill, and it is known that the City is unanimous in its disapproval. The measure is further discredited by the recent agitation in its favour which has been exclusively conducted by the managers of the Radical Clubs. The opponents of the scheme have consistently founded their objection to an overgrown municipality on their conviction that it would be at once converted into a political machine. The more cautious supporters of the plan have talked more or less sincerely of the advantages which would result from the process of simplifying and strengthening municipal administration. The example of the Jacobinical Municipality of Paris is not overlooked by friends or by opponents. It is not for the purpose of improving sanitary arrangements that the little London caucuses unanimously demand the institution of a vast urban democracy. The rumour that the Cabinet is divided on the question may perhaps be unfounded. It would be strange if the unnatural coalition which has survived the defiant speeches of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. MORLEY should be dissolved by any difference of opinion on a measure which is comparatively plausible. The Ministers who acquiesced in the selection of the boldest and most eloquent spokesman of the revolutionary party to expound the Liberalism of the future will scarcely be frightened into resignation by Mr. BEAL.

If the Government is really embarrassed by disunion on the London Municipality Bill, the urgency of the Farmers' Alliance must have supplied a convenient excuse for giving precedence to the Tenants Compensation Bill. On this

subject the moderate section of the Cabinet may perhaps have made a stand. The Whigs are as much as the Conservatives traditional representatives of property; and they may have been alarmed by the communistic proposals of the agrarian agitators. It remains to be seen whether Mr. GLADSTONE will stand by the comparatively reasonable measure in which he has acquiesced. The leaders of the Farmers' Alliance have already given notice of the hostility which the authors of the Bill must have anticipated. The measure, indeed, satisfies the demands which were preferred a few years ago, by rendering compensation to outgoing tenants in all cases compulsory. It is the custom of agitators to begin with plausible demands a movement which has entirely different objects. The cases in which landlords took an undue advantage of enterprising tenants were always rare, and since the beginning of the present agricultural depression they must have almost ceased to exist; but Mr. HOWARD and Mr. BARCLAY probably cared nothing about compensation, except as an excuse for submitting the property of landowners to a process of partial alienation. The Farmers' Alliance took its origin in the anomalies of the Irish Land Act. Its managers hoped to induce Mr. GLADSTONE to extend the same principle to English and Scotch estates by giving the tenant, who either left or retained his holding, a right to force his landlord to arbitration. The Alliance had the audacity to propose that the arbitrators should be appointed by the Board of Guardians, consisting of the neighbouring tenant-farmers. The Irish Sub-Commissioners would form a comparatively trustworthy tribunal.

If the provisions of the Bill are altered to the detriment of the landlord, a gross deception will have been practised; but it would be unfair at present to regard such a contingency as possible. The Opposition, if it is well advised, will give a general support to the Government against the attacks of the agrarian innovators and their allies. It is scarcely possible that the schism between the two Liberal sections should not be widened in the course of the debates; but the Government, if it is firm, will do something to retrieve its character. There will, in any event, be abundant occupation for Parliament in the next Session. The postponement to 1885 of the extension of the franchise, and of the scheme of redistribution, will not be unwelcome to the great body of members. Mr. GLADSTONE has probably forgotten by this time the doctrine which he exegitigated for a temporary purpose, that the actual duration of Parliaments ought to be shorter than their legal term. It is not the interest of the Conservative party to precipitate a dissolution, though a general election might probably increase their strength in the House of Commons. It is extremely improbable that they should wholly reverse the decision of 1880, and with a majority of forty or fifty the Government would obtain a new lease of power. If the main business of an Opposition is, as zealous partisans assume, to damage the Government, the Conservatives have no reason to be dissatisfied with the success which has been attained during the present Session. To some independent politicians it is not altogether a cause of satisfaction that a Government which cannot be immediately displaced is constantly declining in credit.

IRELAND.

THAT the POPE's Circular to the Irish bishops is a heavy blow to the Irish agitators is unquestionable; and it is one of the many curious phenomena of contemporary politics that some English journals which do not profess sympathy with those agitators appear to regard the Circular with any feeling rather than one of satisfaction. It would be rash to call these writers unreasonable from their own point of view. For it is tolerably certain that the action of LEO XIII., though doubtless prompted in part by the known sentiments of honour and virtue which entitle that prelate to respect from those who are not of his communion, has also a political motive. The events of the last few years must have shown a far less enlightened politician the impossibility of the Church of Rome continuing to maintain with safety to herself even the shy and half-hearted attitude of toleration for Irish anarchism and crime which has been customary with her. The headstrong disloyalty of the Archbishop of CASHEL, which might in other times have been winked at, could

hardly have been neglected much longer in any case. The act of LEO XIII. therefore is in reality a rebuke to Radicalism generally, and it is not surprising that it is not relished by Radicals, even though it may be of service to a Radical Government. To estimate the probable amount of that service is not the easiest of problems. It has seemed to some observers that of late years the Church of Rome, though still powerful for evil in Ireland, has lost much of her power for good. The priests are accepted as leaders provided that they are content to follow. But even on this somewhat pessimist view there is obviously a great negative gain for the cause of order in the Circular. If the Roman Catholic clergy is not very powerful to recall the erring flock, it is at any rate henceforth bound to refrain from gilding their error by its sanction and countenance. The vague feeling of comradeship which has made it customary for Roman Catholics on the Continent to accept the figment of English tyranny and Irish innocence must also receive a blow from this document, and in turn the dangerous consciousness of Continental sympathy which encourages Irishmen must be lessened. The connexion, sometimes open and avowed, sometimes underhand but notorious, between Irish disaffection and the Church of Rome has always given, if not actual strength, at any rate an appearance of respectability to the former. If the policy which LEO XIII. has adopted is maintained, Irish treason will have to make up its mind to its true associates—the riffraff of anarchists and revolutionists, who are hostile at once to all States, all Churches, all faiths, all laws. Thus the real significance of the POPE's act is to be found not so much in its immediate effect (for neither Rome nor America, neither Vatican nor White House, can really much help, though both can hinder, the task of good government in Ireland) as in its general political significance. It marks a step in the advance which, if civilization is not to break down, must be made by all conservative parties, interests, and groups towards a general alliance against the forces of anarchy.

Of considerably less practical importance no doubt, but still of interest, is Mr. MITCHELL HENRY's second letter to the *Times* on "the causes of Irish hate." The causes of Irish hate, according to Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, may be reduced pretty much to these—that Ireland is very uncomfortable, that she pays too much in taxes, that the State does not take her more in hand and do more for her. Unfortunately, Mr. HENRY's figures entirely fail to prove the only part of his case which is susceptible of such proof or disproof. He shows, indeed, that Ireland was at one time rather more of a spoiled child in the matter of taxation than she is now; but he does not show that she is not now spoiled; indeed he shows the contrary. By his own statement, Ireland pays eight millions and a half in taxes yearly—that is to say, rather more than one-tenth of the total national expenditure at the present moment. Will Mr. HENRY say whether the five millions and something more which represented the population of Ireland at the last census are one-tenth only of the total population of these realms? He knows better; he knows that they are something like a full seventh, which would put the Irish share, if it were rigidly exacted, at nearer twelve millions than eight. But, says Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, Ireland is so much poorer a country than England. If this be so, it is clear that the Income-tax and the Spirit duties, of which he chiefly complains, can by no ingenuity be shown to press on her with special heaviness. For the Income-tax presses in exact proportion to wealth, and does not press the poor man at all, while the Spirit-tax can be avoided altogether by any poor man who pleases. But Mr. HENRY's own apportionment of Irish taxation is more instructive still. Taking fair Civil Service expenditure at two millions and three quarters, the present rate, he says that three millions and a quarter more will be an "extremely liberal" allowance for a just contribution to Imperial charges. Apparently, therefore, Mr. HENRY does not think that Ireland ought to pay anything towards the charge of the National Debt (her proportion towards which alone would be as great as the sum he mentions), although every advantage that has been obtained by the expenditure which that debt represents is as open to the poorest Irishman as to the son of an English duke. But, even if the debt were knocked off, it would be simply impossible for an independent Ireland, starting with a clean balance-sheet, to pay the costs corresponding to the present Imperial charges with three millions or with double the money. There is not a

nation in Europe, not even among those who are as renowned for poverty and thrift as Irishmen (begging their pardons) are renowned for poverty and extravagance, which does its government at such an expense with anything like the calls upon it which a separate Ireland would have. On the more general charges of indifference to Irish discomfort, and of not taking the country into complete Government leading-strings, no such direct and crushing answer can be made. And unfortunately, since Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent legislation, the only possible answer is much weakened. The present PRIME MINISTER of England has certainly initiated the plan of looking after Irishmen's money for them, deciding how much they shall pay for their whistles, and so forth. It might indeed be for the benefit of the nation if it were taken into the kind of middle state between patriarchal government and benevolent slavery in which Mr. HENRY'S proposals, logically carried out, would land it. But government, at least thorough government, of that kind is in the nineteenth century impossible. Even Mr. GLADSTONE cannot make a Paraguay of Ireland. The real answer to Mr. HENRY is that for at least two generations, if not for three or four, Irishmen have had exactly the same chances to make themselves comfortable which Englishmen and Scotchmen have had, and that they have not done it.

Of what they have preferred to do the trials which have come to a close in Dublin—not without fitting remarks from a Judge who has discharged a very difficult office in a most admirable manner—give for the hundredth time grisly evidence. A tithe of the energy, contrivance, patience, and fertility of resource which during the last hundred years have been expended on plotting aimless treason and objectless murder in Ireland would have sufficed to double and treble the manufacturing and commercial industries of the country, and by diverting the population in part from their traditional clinging to land which cannot support them, would have by this time done away with great part of Irish distress. The money which during the same time has been lavished on agitators and agitation would have increased fiftyfold if intelligently expended on ordinary purposes of trade investment. There is no need to fulfil Mr. HENRY'S anticipations, and revile Irishmen for spending their money on whisky. If they like to spend their money on whisky, none but fools and fanatics can condemn them, provided that, like Englishmen or Scotchmen, they do not expect to drink the money and have it too. But this contradiction is of a piece with those which pervade the whole question. A cry for more State interference and a cry for independence; a complaint of national insufficiency of income and a steady refusal to devote national energies to the task of making the income sufficient; a groan at over-taxation at the very moment when Irishmen are taxed with an almost iniquitous lightness as regards their fellow-subjects—all these things have to be considered—and marvelled at—together.

FRENCH COLONIAL ADVENTURES.

THE vote of the French Chambers in granting the money for the expedition to Tonquin disposes of the contention that the nation is averse to the adventurous colonial policy of the Ministry. After the exhibition of timidity made at the time of the Egyptian expedition, it was very natural that Englishmen should wait to hear what the Chambers had to say before deciding that the plans of Ministers and the large audacity of French journalists meant nothing serious. It is now obvious that they did, and the French have embarked on a course of conquest in the East. To say that they are doing it with their eyes open would be too much. The general tone of Parisian journals shows that they have no very distinct object before them. The interests of France are to be in some way advanced, and its dignity vindicated. In what way it has been insulted does not very clearly appear. The Prince whose name or title, for that also is doubtful, is TUDUC, has done or has not done something, is intriguing against them with China or is eagerly looking for their help against some enemy undefined, his people are attacking the French posts or are waiting in the hope for the day when French protection may make them happy. Any or all of these things may have happened, but what is perfectly certain

is that France intends to make a definite settlement in Tonquin. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR added nothing to the vague eloquence of the newspapers in his speech defending the vote of credit. He made as much as he could of the insufferable conduct of the "Black Flags," but his utmost did not go beyond confirming the dictum of the Duke of BROGLIE that a Khroumir is always forthcoming when he is wanted. It is perhaps doubtful whether France quite understands all that this expedition may possibly mean in the long run. It has a firm conviction that many colonies produce much shipping. England, as the French see, has the greatest colonial empire in the world, and she has also the largest merchant navy—the first being in their opinion the cause, of which the second is the effect. If France can only get possessions all over the world, ships to sail to them, merchants to freight the ships and consumers to buy the freights will come in due time. Meanwhile the dignity and glory of France will flourish in the teeth of the Triple Alliance. That Tonquin may prove a very costly prize, and that the five millions of francs just voted may have to be followed by many more, very few Frenchmen seem to suspect. M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR is quite sure that China will keep quiet, and the country agrees with him. Even, however, if it does not, France is not at all afraid of the consequences. If the Chinese give trouble they will be beaten. Both opinions are probably correct. Some Englishmen, who are very unwilling to see the route to Yunnan fall into French hands, are almost predicting defeat for the European invaders at the hands of the Celestial troops. The wish is father to the thought. Whatever the value of the French troops may be as compared with the German, they are perfectly competent to make short work of any enemies they are likely to find in Tonquin. The Chinese may buy breechloaders, and hire a few European officers, but all the money they can spend will not give them the training of the European soldier, the honest commissariat, and the thousands of intelligent subalterns, without which arms of precision and scientific officers are mere luxuries of armament.

With every desire to avoid exaggerating the difficulties which France is likely to encounter in Tonquin, it is impossible, however, not to see that the enterprise may prove a very costly one. Settlements such as that at Hanoi have a tendency to grow from small and cheap beginnings till they become both big and dear. Even if the Chinese do not interfere, the natives of Tonquin will scarcely submit to a small force. A large one will cost France very dear both in money and lives. And at the moment that she is entering on this adventure she has another on hand in Madagascar. Here, again, the difficulties before France have doubtless been greatly exaggerated. The Hovas have suddenly been credited with all possible valour and discipline. A correspondent of the *Standard*, with the airy confidence of gentlemen of his class, has informed the world that the Sakalavas—a subject race in the island—are prepared to join with the Hovas in resisting the foreign invader. It is probably safe to conclude that the correspondent is repeating something told him by a Hova, or that some diplomat Sakalava has been telling him what he might like to hear. Even a savage in Madagascar might be credited with sense enough to avoid angering his actual master till some support was at hand. The French will perhaps have no more difficulty than we have had in India in finding as many native fighting men as they chose to pay. If the twenty thousand soldiers of the Hovas give much trouble, a French garrison might be established in Antananarivo. No reasonable person can doubt that the French are perfectly competent to beat the Tonquinese, Chinese, and Hovas all together if necessary. Neither is there any real obscurity as to their motives for wishing to do it. The hope of gain has some influence on them, but impatience with the situation to which they are reduced in Europe has a great deal more. The French are, in fact, and in spite of the peaceful influence of democratic Republican institutions, as enterprising, as domineering, as proud, or as vain, as ever; and the Triple Alliance being too strong for them in Europe, they are turning, as they have done before, to colonial adventures. These enterprises are none of them very wise, nor yet very honourable; but the tone in which they are commented on in England is not the less to be lamented. Nothing is to be gained by talking of them as filibustering or as mere folly. No doubt, as we are a very virtuous people, all our annexations have been made from the purest motives,

and under the pressure of a stern necessity. That is the truth looked at without prejudice, but foreigners do not look at it without prejudice. What they see is that England annexes something herself once in three years, and yet that no nation in Europe is so shocked at the aggressions of other people. It not unnaturally irritates the French to be lectured. They have to endure it from the official journals of Prince BISMARCK; but the temptation to remind us that it was not we who won the battle of Sedan is irresistible.

Our own colonial adventure in New Guinea has for the moment fallen somewhat out of notice. We are waiting to hear what the Governor of QUEENSLAND has got to say to justify it. Meanwhile it has been made the subject of a communication to the *Times* which well deserves attention. The writer is apparently well acquainted with the island. He is strongly opposed to any annexation at all, though on grounds which do not seem to be sufficient. His reasons amount very much to what Mr. TENNISON calls "the craven fear of being great." But the opinions he advances as to the way in which the annexation should be carried out if it is resolved on are perfectly sound. Everybody not bound beforehand to approve of whatever the Ministry may do will agree with him that, if Papua is to be taken at all, it should be taken by the Imperial Government and administered by officers appointed directly by the Crown. It would be in the last degree wrong to hand it over to the sugar-planters of Queensland. They would probably take it with every intention of being just to the natives, but their ideas of justice to semi-savages who occupy fertile land fit for raising sugar are liable to differ considerably from ours. This very necessity that the Papuans should be protected from the white planters, even the most orderly and law-abiding, is one of the strongest arguments in favour of the immediate annexation by England. The Queenslanders want the land and labour to be found in the island; and, if the respectable class cannot go there on a recognized footing, it is too probable that adventurers of all kinds will begin to swarm in.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

THE agitation in Bengal against Mr. Justice NORRIS is a sufficiently significant illustration of the tendencies of the RIFON-ILBERT policy. But it is, perhaps, hardly so significant an illustration of the yet more general tendencies of the policy of which Lord RIFON's schemes are only a part, as the comments which it has itself provoked in a certain portion of the English press. A judge trying a case between two natives which involves the possession of a family idol is requested by the suitors to have the idol itself brought into court. He demurs to this, but they insist, and, after consultation with a high-caste Hindoo official, the idol is brought by its own guardian, not into court, but into the adjoining corridor, and inspected. On these facts a charge of violently outraging Hindoo religious sentiment, and forcibly impounding the idol, is made by some obscure native, caught up by the editor of the *Bengalee*, and made an occasion for the most discreditable abuse of the judge. Tried for contempt of Court before a full bench of judges, including one native, the editor is condemned and sentenced, Mr. (native) Justice MITTER dissenting, not at all as to the facts or finding, but merely as to the severity of the sentence. On these facts an English newspaper does not hesitate to speak of the affair as "the dispute between Mr. Justice NORRIS and the editor of a native journal." It would certainly be an advance on this to speak of "the dispute between the late Mr. JOSEPH BRADY and the late Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH," but it would be an advance on the same lines. That a judge must be protected from abusive comment in the execution of his duty, even if that comment is founded on facts, might have been thought to be a cardinal principle with Englishmen. But that a judge must be protected from unscrupulous misrepresentation of facts in order to found abusive comment on them (and such misrepresentation was not only proved but was admitted by the party concerned) might be thought to be self-evident. It is apparently not so. The political exigencies of the moment may require that libel complicated with contempt of Court shall be spoken of as a dispute between the libelled judge and the libellous editor, and a dispute it becomes accordingly. The hasty reader pro-

bably concludes that the judge and the editor had the same kind of quarrel that a judge and an editor frequently have in the Western States of America.

The extraordinary darkening of counsel which (with no great success, it is true) has been attempted in this Indian matter may perhaps cause in the mind of the looker-on a surprise which goes near to amazement. For Radical crotchets at home there are great excuses. Votes can be bought by each of them, and in the day of need, such as the last general election, the mighty, if somewhat disunited, army of crotcheteers is a valuable reinforcement. The various abandonments of the interests (private and public) of the country which took place after that election were necessary to prove that Lord BEACONSFIELD had been in the wrong, and before party needs national interests must of course give way. For the last century England's dangers have been the opportunity of a certain party which has changed its name more than once, and its conduct is known and to a certain extent prescribed. But in this Indian matter there might seem to be a kind of luxury of prodigality, a free gift-offering of the national property and interests to crotchet without the apparent possibility of any return, which would deserve the title of political insanity if it were not for the well-known history just recited. It has evidently struck somebody that justice to India may be a useful election cry, and advisers of the Ministry of the more outspoken kind are busily exhorting them to get up some good election cries. It is fair to the Government to say that nothing but their extraordinary silence on the RIFON-ILBERT Bill hitherto would authorize the belief that this dangerous game is an original and deliberate game of their own. The official history of that Bill has been nearly as remarkable a history of surprises and happy thoughts as that of Mr. WEMMICK'S marriage. "Here is a solitary native magistrate who 'thinks himself injured,' say the VICEROY and his advisers. 'We never thought of it before, but suppose we set India ablaze to gratify him!'" "Here is a 'Bill which seems to make much a do about nothing,' says Lord HARTINGTON; 'let them have their much a do 'by all means.' India has been set ablaze. Practically seditious meetings are being held in Calcutta on the native side; the whole body of unofficial Europeans are estranged from the Government; the vast majority of official Europeans are indignant at the unwarrantable manner in which an approval, which they never gave, was attached to the Bill in their name. In short, the country which twelve months ago was perfectly quiet is in a state which would be positively dangerous if any European troubles arose; if the agitation on the native side were not, as it still is, much more one of a noisy few than of the many; and if Englishmen abroad, whose bark is fortunately much worse than their bite, might not always be trusted to do their duty by their country, despite the absurd conduct of their governors. The *solatium* for all this it is impossible anywhere to perceive, except that a few sincere Radicals at home are hugging themselves in an evidently intense enjoyment of their own virtue, and a great many Radicals on whose sincerity or insincerity it is unnecessary to pronounce are hugging themselves in the hope of a cry which may once more bring in shoals to the polling booths the fools and the fanatics, the good people with soft hearts and softer heads, and the people who, whether good or bad, have a general affection for the preposterous in politics. The future is going to witness (it has been gravely said) a great extension of the influence of morality in politics. It would perhaps be uncharitable to inquire whether being moral at the expense of other people (which being moral at the expense of the country is in other words) is a very valuable form of ethical rectitude, still more so whether it is not somewhat likely to dispense the moral politician in his own estimation from the duty of being moral personally.

The dead set made at Mr. Justice NORRIS by the Calcutta native agitators is, it may be said, only a matter of symptomatic importance. A much more sober community than the knot of over-educated Bengalees who are at the bottom of this disturbance might have had its head turned by the RIFON-ILBERT policy, and by the enthusiastic manner in which certain English journals greeted that policy. Even the supposition that the whole matter has been designedly got up to create odium against a known opponent of the ILBERT Bill, though scarcely probable, will not seem impossible to any one acquainted with the curious

mixture of astuteness and simplicity which makes up Hindoo character. The discontented Bengalees undoubtedly deceive themselves if they think that even their Radical friends are as ready as their words imply to depart bag and baggage from Hindustan. The party managers in England know perfectly well that an honest and direct "perish India" policy would alienate half Scotland and most of the manufacturing towns of England from their side. But they calculate that, by insignificant concessions having a great show of deference to native feeling, of intention to prepare the natives for freedom and the like, the fools of cant and crotchet in England may be conciliated, the figment of the morality of Radical policy kept up, and other advantages of the same kind reaped. The danger of this game may not be really obvious to at least some of them. The invariable success of the masterful policy of England up to a recent date probably still imposes on not a few Englishmen who have done their utmost to reverse that policy. It is because of their inability to believe that natives can be dangerous that they surrender the grounds of English vantage with so light a heart. This, at least, is a charitable supposition, and it has the advantage of explaining facts which otherwise would be nearly inexplicable. With regard to the details of the new policy itself, they have been now thoroughly examined and condemned without hesitation by the enormous majority of competent experts and by almost the whole body of impartial judges. Perseverance in them on the part of the Government will be perseverance against light and knowledge of the ultimate effect of their policy. But this incident of Mr. Justice NORRIS has shown in a very instructive manner what, independently of the ultimate dangers of the policy, its present inconveniences are likely to be. That the admission of equality between Englishman and Hindoo involves—logically at once, and practically sooner or later—the retirement of England from India is certain. That in the interval it can but lead to a succession of difficulties and disturbances was antecedently all but demonstrable, and has been proved in the first instance with remarkable celerity by this incident.

ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

THERE will probably be no further mention in Parliament of the vexatious incident of the Cuban refugees. The official statement that the Spanish Consul acted in the matter with good faith would, even if it were erroneous, render it impossible to press any formal demand on his Government. It is evident that a miscarriage exclusively caused by the Gibraltar authorities cannot justify an international claim on a foreign State. Lord GRANVILLE and Sir ROBERT MORIER have from the first understood that they could only appeal to the friendly consideration of the Spanish Government. Their efforts have not been wholly unsuccessful, as the place of MACEO's imprisonment has been changed, and, as it is believed, some of his followers have been released. There is no use in further discussion of an untoward but not important transaction. The Spanish Ministers have thought fit to profit, if indeed they derive any advantage from the captivity of MACEO, by a mistake of their neighbours. It would seem that they might well have taken the opportunity of gratifying a friendly Government; and perhaps they might have listened more readily to Sir ROBERT MORIER's representations if the affair had not originated at Gibraltar. The feeling which renders all Spaniards unwilling to regard Gibraltar as foreign territory is not unintelligible, though it might perhaps be conveniently suppressed. Reciprocal disputes on questions of smuggling and of the encroachments of Spanish revenue cruisers tend to keep natural irritation alive. The Spanish Government never seems to be aware that the contraband trade is carried on by its own subjects in the neighbouring ports. It is true that if Gibraltar were not in the possession of a foreign Power, there could be no irregularity of the kind.

Another chronic misunderstanding is maintained by the differences relating to the wine duties and by the unfriendly commercial policy of Spain. The refusal of successive English Governments to alter the present alcoholic standard for purposes of taxation has been met by a refusal to allow English trade the privileges of the most favoured nation. Both disputants have a more or less plausible case, and there is no foundation for the belief

that the advantage given to light wines is recommended either by ill will to Spain or by partiality to France; but experience shows that commercial disputes between independent States always give rise to angry feelings. The Spanish wine-growers are not the only part of the population which insists on retaliatory measures. The Catalonian manufacturers have a more direct interest in excluding English competition; and their organs accordingly denounce the differential duties on Spanish wines, although the protectionists would undoubtedly deprecate any change which might deprive their monopoly of excuse. It seems not a little absurd that Mr. GLADSTONE's persistent adhesion to the alcoholic standard should affect such a question as the imprisonment or release of the Cuban refugees; but Governments are constantly tempted to seek popularity by flattering popular prejudices and jealousies. The former leaders of the insurrection in Cuba suffer in consequence of complicated causes which they are not likely to understand. It is not a matter for regret that the English Government has no right to demand their liberation. At the present moment it would be inconvenient to insist on the immunities of political exiles. It is not improbable that all civilized Governments may hereafter modify the rules which at present limit the right to extradition. Nihilists and other professors of anarchical doctrines have associated rebellion with the vilest crimes; and their operations in different countries, if they are not connected, indicate similarity of policy and design. In no country is Communism more prevalent than in the Southern provinces of Spain. It must be admitted that MACEO and his associates had been insurgents of a less disreputable type. The rebellion in Cuba was suppressed with difficulty after it had assumed the dimensions of a civil war. The captured leaders are said to have received promises of pardon; and, in fact, they have never been treated as ordinary criminals.

Some hostile critics profess to find in the alleged discourtesy of the Spanish Government a new proof of the loss of influence and dignity which is supposed to have ensued from the policy of the present Government. It is true that vigour in negotiation and energetic assertion of rights tend to conciliate the respect and deference of foreign States. Every failure in policy, and still more every defeat in military operations, renders the representations of diplomatic agents less effective; but the attempt to connect the reserve of the Spanish Government with untoward events in South Africa or in other distant parts of the British Empire is, in legal phrase, bad for remoteness. The respect which is paid to any State is, in a general way, proportionate to its material strength and to the resolution of its Government; but minor instances of good or evil fortune make no perceptible change in the estimate of its greatness. Such a misadventure as the repudiation by Russia of the Black Sea Treaty probably encouraged a general belief that England was disposed to surrender the rights and responsibilities of a Great Power; but many things have happened since then, including the threatening attitude assumed by Lord BEACONSFIELD's Government in 1879, the Berlin Treaty, and, at a later period, the occupation of Egypt. There is no question of any quarrel with the Spanish Government; and the solution of the commercial dispute will be either amicably settled or indefinitely postponed. It happens that at this time Spain is engaged in a conflict of tariffs with Germany, though there can be no comparison between the resources of the two nations. Even in the Spanish negotiations with France there have been numerous hitches. The protectionist policy which is common to all Continental States necessarily leads to real or apparent conflict of interests.

A Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has not an easy life. He is charged with the protection of English subjects and English interests in every quarter of the globe; and it is at the same time his primary duty to avoid collisions with foreign Powers. If the MACEO business had unfortunately given a right of interference with the discretion of the Spanish Government, the English Minister at Madrid would probably have been engaged for a long time in a difficult negotiation; and, even if he had succeeded in obtaining redress, he would have left a feeling of irritation in the minds of the Spanish Ministers. At almost all times more serious questions arise in different parts of the world. After ten or twelve years of a quiescence which has scarcely a precedent in her history, France is bent on two or three aggressive

enterprises in Africa and in Asia. Wherever a French expedition proceeds to diffuse the blessings of civilization, it becomes the duty of an English Minister not to thwart or oppose a restless policy, but to take such measures as may be practicable for the protection of territorial and commercial interests which are almost certain to be endangered. The mission of M. DE BRAZZA to the Congo suggested the complicated arrangement with Portugal which has probably by this time been abandoned as impracticable. Either the Foreign or the Colonial Office must watch the measures which may be taken for the partial or total conquest of Madagascar; and there is too much reason to fear that the annexation of Annam may result in a French war with China, and in the consequent interruption of a trade which is almost entirely in English hands. It is principally on commercial grounds that interference with barbarous or half-civilized communities is injurious to English interests; but it is also probable that the Catholic propagandism of the pious rulers of Republican France may involve the persecution of English missionaries. Every European encroachment on barbarism results in a curtailment of English trade. The negroes on the Congo would probably be left to themselves if it were not thought fit to substitute dearer and worse commodities for the English goods which they at present consume. Even the refusal of the French to renew the term of a Governor's office in the Lebanon is connected with considerations of commercial rivalry.

Occasional disputes with the Spanish Government generally arise from more trivial causes. Cases which have lately occurred of the maltreatment of English merchant captains or engineers by Spanish officials involve no principle except the right of English subjects to protection from illegal treatment. In such matters it is not expedient to be either careless or unduly susceptible. Compromises are for the most part preferable to the assertion of extreme rights. It is always desirable in dealing with Spaniards to avoid any appearance of neglect or disregard of the national dignity. The recollection of past greatness is always respectable; and it is not improbable that Spain may after no long period be admitted on the same footing with Italy into the councils of the Great European Powers. There are richer and more populous countries, but scarcely one which has advanced so rapidly within living memory. The revenue has increased from two to three fold since the accession of ISABELLA II., notwithstanding half a dozen revolutions and two or three civil wars. Since the restoration of the BOURBON dynasty in the person of the present King there have been no political disturbances, and the army has lost the habit of interfering in civil affairs. The most disquieting symptom is the socialistic agitation which has lately arisen in Andalusia; but the Government is believed to have acted with vigour, and the movement seems to have wholly or partially subsided. In course of time the controversy with England on the wine duties will probably be settled.

THE GRAND COMMITTEES.

THE Grand Committees have been engaged from the Easter to the Whitsuntide recess on their beneficent task of expediting the despatch of business. The Committee of Trade has sat longest, and has done most; but both have been at work long enough to show more or less what is to be expected of them in the future. It is not a very long process to sum up the results of their labours. The Committee of Trade has met with regularity to discuss the Bankruptcy Bill. Of late it has occasionally been found necessary to wait a little before the number of members needed to form a quorum could be collected; but there have been no lost days, and when it was constituted the Committee has applied itself steadily to the work in hand. It has reached the Thirty-eighth Clause of a Bill which contains a hundred and fifty-eight, and on its way it has corrected a few details. A provision has been inserted to protect Scotch traders from the risk of being unexpectedly summoned before an English Bankruptcy Court. The opponents of the stringent Board of Trade supervision devised by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have succeeded in limiting the interference of the Official Receiver, and care has been taken to give the creditor more power to call for accounts than was provided for in the Bill. Restrictions imposed on the Court have been removed,

and it will now be able to give or withhold the discharge of the bankrupt, under conditions according to its discretion, and without regard to the number of shillings in the pound he may be able to pay. Creditors have also received more power to refuse a composition. On the whole the Committee has shown a steady determination to make bankruptcy a much less easy thing than it is now. It has not seriously altered the Bill as far as it has gone, and except as regards the right of the special manager to be trustee, all the changes made have been in the direction approved by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The Committee of Law has sat for a shorter time and has chiefly distinguished itself from its twin novelty by wrangling. One of the members of the Committee of Trade observed, while urging despatch and economy of words, that if he were a speculative lawyer he could propose twelve amendments on every clause. It is possibly the presence of speculative lawyers on the other Committee which accounts for the number and variety of the amendments proposed. They have certainly taken care that their Committee should not fall out of notice in a most effectual way, by providing the public with accounts of squabbles and personalities.

As the net result of the toils of a new institution which was to do the business of the nation rapidly and quietly this is not much. The Committee of Law is at the Tenth Clause of the Criminal Appeal Bill, and has shown an intention of seriously modifying it further on. The Committee of Trade, which has worked better and talked less, has got through little over a fourth of its task, and is still twenty-four clauses off that part of the Bill which will be most severely criticized. And such progress as it has made is largely due to the kind of devolution known as putting off work till to-morrow. On several occasions amendments proposed have been withdrawn on the assurance of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the matter would be provided for by the Government later on. They will then also have to be discussed. If the Committee has taken a month and more to get so far, how long will it be before it is done? is a question which naturally suggests itself. And when it has finished the House of Commons may still have a great deal more to say. It may accept the Bill as it is brought back, but no power can prevent its going over the Bill again in Committee of the whole House. In a certain sense the Committees have done some service already. They have not got far, but they have travelled some distance; and meanwhile the House of Commons has been at liberty to attend to other things. If it has not done much, that is not the fault of the Grand Committees. To have helped the House of Commons to dispose of the Parliamentary Oaths Amendment Bill and get along a little less slowly with Supply is something; but in view of the great things which were promised it scarcely seems enough. The Committees were to have been rapid and silent. The practical business men who composed them were to have stuck steadily to their lasts, to have forgotten that they had constituents to speak to, and only to have remembered that they had a duty to the public to perform. Such a body, it might seem, should have disposed of all the hundred and fifty clauses of the Bankruptcy Bill in five weeks, in two sittings a week. But members of Parliament decline to become silent and efficient machines for making laws because they are elected to a Grand Committee, and set to work in an afternoon. Even bankers and men of business engaged in discussing a Bankruptcy Bill which immediately affects their pockets spend an amount of words over it which they would never tolerate in their own counting-houses. Everybody who has an idea gives it to his colleagues. It has to be argued over, attacked, defended, and rejected. Sentimental considerations find their way in, and fears of wholly imaginary evils have to be dispelled. Amendments are proposed which deal with the infinitely little as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN complained, and when a Minister naturally tender of his handiwork objects to see them foisted into his Bill, he is compelled to argue over them as if they were of the utmost importance. It has been a favourite commonplace with the advocates of reform in Parliamentary procedure that the House of Commons is too big for the work of carefully discussing a Bill. There are too many men in it who are interested in too many things, and they will not concentrate their attention. Every big body has a tendency to become a mob, but if they were only sorted out into smaller bodies, they could be more easily disciplined and kept to the point.

What may happen to the Grand Committees if they only last is more than any prudent man will undertake to prophesy, but at present it seems as if they were going to fall victims to the opposite danger which besets small bodies.

The admirers of the New Rules who hoped for a Parliament which would hold its tongue and obey orders are probably beginning to be a little disappointed with the Grand Committees. From their point of view the feeling would be natural, but it would also be not a little unreasonable. Those bodies have fairly fulfilled their avowed function. It was said that they were to be small copies of the House of Commons, and they are. The members do not change their nature on entering the committee-room. They continue to believe, according to the accepted English constitutional doctrine, that they are sent up to attend to the general interests of the country, and to do it by looking after Bills themselves, and not by merely accepting any measure brought forward by a Minister who has the support of a majority. The only way in which they can possibly discharge that duty is by talking. A minority which confined itself to listening and voting in silence would no doubt be a very convenient thing to Ministers, but much will have to be changed in the House of Commons before we attain to that ideal. That a great deal of the talk is very foolish and beside the question is doubtless true; but that will continue to be the case as long as members of Parliament hold their present view of their duty. The function of Parliament is to discuss matters thoroughly, and see that every side of every question is fully stated. Hitherto it has been believed that the advantages of full discussion more than counterbalanced the mischief done by waste of time. If the leaders of the Liberal party are determined to have work quickly done, they will probably find that they must seriously modify the formation of the Grand Committees. If they are right in believing that the country wishes to see every measure they have prepared passed rapidly, they must propose something resembling the Lords of the Articles in the Scots Parliament. A small body which would consist practically of office-holders might prepare the Bills during the recess, and the House would have the option of accepting or rejecting them, but would not be at liberty to propose amendments. It would even be a question whether the new Radical Lords of the Articles are not ready to the Minister's hands. The Cabal—we use the word only because Cabinet is already provided for—which pulls the strings of the Birmingham Caucus would be very apt for the purpose. From another than the Radical point of view, there is reason to fear that the gift of the Grand Committees to Parliament is a very doubtful benefit. If they are copies of the House of Commons, they are very small copies. There are, even in the short time they have been at work, signs that the members are giving way to the temptation of indulging in personal disputes and the quip uncourteous to an unworthy degree. With only one Bill to be put before each this Session, it seems at least possible that they may not get through their work. As yet it would appear that the chief result of their existence has been to augment rather than diminish the flood of talk. The Bankruptcy Bill and the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill were hurried through a second reading mainly on the ground that they would be adequately discussed in the leisure of the Grand Committee. If they are debated there in a way which gives general discontent, it is highly unlikely that the House will be satisfied to accept them just as they come back. In that case the whole question will be opened again, and more time spent over the Bills than would have been the case if the old procedure had been followed. Ministers, too, may find that in another way the Committees are not working for their good. The House of Commons does not like to be driven, and it is at least possible that the refractory temper lately shown by the majority is partly due to the doubling of the work of many of its members. But from recent speeches of Ministers it would appear that they are not likely to be influenced by any consideration of that kind. Lord HARTINGTON lately declared that the country did not want members of Parliament whose professional occupations prevented them from attending to all the work the House might impose on them. This high standard is a very convenient one for the heir of a great fortune; but if it were consistently acted on, it would infallibly lead to the payment of members. No reasonable man can wish to see the Grand Committees recognized as a failure. There is already quite enough bullying impatience with the House

among the Radicals, and a disappointment of the kind would be a good text for their teaching that the country should look on its Parliament much as the ex-slave did on his own nigger.

PORTUGAL AND THE RULES OF THE SEA.

A CONTROVERSY has been carried on for years between Portugal and England as to the interpretation and application of the International Rules of the Sea. It has now come to an end, Lord GRANVILLE having asked the Portuguese Government to refer the points in dispute to arbitration, and the Portuguese Government having formally declined. There is no more to be said or done in this particular case. The rules proposed by England and France twenty years ago, and accepted by Portugal, have been flagrantly violated, and a lamentable injury has been done to a firm of English shipowners. But when a small nation like Portugal positively refuses to listen to argument and to do justice, she must be left alone. And if her conduct excites some indignation, it also excites some pity. She is safe through her weakness, and the records of these long proceedings bring home to the reader how weak a little State can be. Portugal has not only the weakness of possessing no physical force, but she has also the weakness of having sea-captains who do not understand the commonest nautical terms, juries who calmly announce beforehand that they will find anything necessary to give jurisdiction to a Portuguese Court, and judges who hardly pretend to know the rudiments of international law. But, although the English Government has been defeated in its attempt to get right done, it has done a signal service, not only to England, but to all maritime nations, by patiently and firmly carrying on a very instructive discussion, and giving to the world ample materials for understanding both the nature and the great importance of the points at issue. The discussion was principally conducted on behalf of England by Sir ROBERT MORIER, who was the English Minister at Lisbon before he went to Madrid, and to whom Lord GRANVILLE pays at the conclusion of his correspondence a well-earned tribute for the energy, the argumentative power, and the comprehensive erudition with which he brought to the cognizance of the Portuguese Government those views on which he from the first perceived it was necessary for England to insist at any cost of time and trouble. In days when seas are crowded with steamers, the fearful danger of collision is always staring seafarers in the face. To obviate collisions as far as possible, England asked that the captains of all nations should be bound to obey certain definite rules. If these rules are misunderstood or disregarded, the very existence of the rules increases the hazard. The captain who knows the rules takes it as a matter of course that any other captain who may be near him will know them and obey them. If he has to deal with ignorance or perversity, he rushes into danger which he might have prudently avoided if there had been no rules at all. Rules are snares if it is a mere chance whether they will be observed; and so many English lives and fortunes depend on the prompt, unerring, and almost mechanical observance of the Rules of the Sea, that an English diplomatist could scarcely perform a duty more beneficial to his country than that of exposing the consequences of trifling with or ignoring the salutary provisions of international maritime law.

The essential facts of the case out of which the controversy arose are not very complicated. An English ship came in broad daylight and about ten miles from the Portuguese coast into collision with a Portuguese vessel. The English vessel steered so as to pass on the right side according to the rules, and the Portuguese vessel steered so as to pass on the wrong side according to the rules. There were many minor issues, as is sure to happen when arguments are addressed to persons who know so little of the subject under discussion that they will make any reply that chances to strike their fancy. The Portuguese jurists wandered into such assertions as that territorial jurisdiction extends as far as the sight of a man on the coast can reach, and a Portuguese jury offered to find that a collision which took place ten miles off took place less than three miles off, if the finding would be any comfort to their friends. A Portuguese Court stooped to make a calumnious charge of negligence in rescuing those in danger against the English captain, who had successfully

done everything that skill and courage could suggest to save life; and Lord GRANVILLE commented with much warmth and just severity on the wanton and malicious accusation. But the true point at issue was which captain was to blame. It seems simple to say that the captain was to blame who did not observe the rules. Those who are concerned in upholding the rules would so far have had only to lament that good rules, like good laws, are occasionally broken. That one Portuguese captain should have broken a rule wilfully or through carelessness would not have constituted a very novel or serious danger. But what made the wrongdoing of the Portuguese captain really alarming was that when he was doing wrong he thought he was doing right. He misunderstood the meaning of the rule because a common French nautical phrase imported into the Portuguese version from the French was so much Hebrew to him. He thought the right hand meant the left, and two Portuguese naval experts supported him by saying that this would have been their interpretation. A higher naval authority undeceived them, and the Government subsequently issued an official declaration that the right means the right and not the left. But a feeling of something like hopelessness as to the working of rules steals over the mind when it is found that it takes a collision, the total loss of one ship, the severe injury of another, and reams of printed discussion to get into the heads of Portuguese mariners that a rule which says one thing cannot be taken to mean the exact opposite. British diplomacy drove the Portuguese into admitting that the Portuguese captain mistook the rule; but a second controversy of even a fiercer kind arose as to the application of a subsequent rule, which declares that under all circumstances a captain, however right he may previously have been, must do all in his power to avert a collision which he sees to be imminent. Sir ROBERT MORIER contended with much force that the English captain did, in point of fact, do in the supreme moment of danger the very thing that most tended to avert a collision. But the Portuguese Courts judged otherwise, and they were supported in their view by a French tribunal before which the case was brought on a collateral issue. It is impossible to accuse the Portuguese tribunals of manifest injustice in taking one view of delicate and intricate facts because the English Government took a different view. What was unjust was the manner in which the Portuguese Government made use of the judgment of the Court. Obviously, as Lord GRANVILLE pointed out, the most that could be said was that the English ship contributed to the loss of the Portuguese. It was only by the error of the Portuguese captain that a collision was possible, and yet the Portuguese Court imposed the whole damage on the English vessel. There was no possibility of denying that on any hypothesis the English owners had been condemned to pay much more than they ought to pay. The Portuguese Government could not deny this and did not deny it, but took refuge in the astonishing plea that the English owners ought to have known how to bring their case better before the Court. They were made to pay all because they had never asked to pay half. It was in vain that Lord GRANVILLE tried to make the Portuguese understand that what he wanted was not to upset a judgment or haggle about pleadings, but to refer to arbitration the question whether some injustice had or had not been done to British subjects.

This particular controversy has come to an end, but it was impossible that those who have been representing England in it should not consider seriously whether something could not be done to make the rules work better for the future. There was one obvious step to take, and Lord GRANVILLE has lost no time in taking it. The rules were communicated to and adopted by many nations, but each nation was left to make its own translation. Into the Portuguese translation serious errors had crept. The rule as to right and left in passing had been disguised by the literal rendering of a French phrase which was beyond the ordinary Portuguese comprehension. A plain direction to keep on in a straight course had been altogether omitted; and "a ship overtaking another" had been translated "a ship going faster than another," so that the Portuguese Courts at one time thought they could decide the case by inquiring into the respective engine-power of the two vessels. Lord GRANVILLE has now directed that copies of all the translations made in different countries shall be sent to England, so that their accuracy may be

carefully examined. Sir ROBERT MORIER makes a small but very useful suggestion, that it shall be obligatory on all captains of all countries to carry a copy of the rules in a conspicuous part of the vessel. But he has also a suggestion to make which, if it could be carried out, would be of the highest importance, and would give a much greater efficacy to the rules than anything else that could be devised. The real defect in the working of the rules, which is that controversies end in nothing, would be made good, and it is hard to see how it can be made good in any other way. He proposes that cases where there is a serious divergence of opinion as to the proper meaning and application of the rules should be carried to an International Tribunal of Appeal; and he dispels the objection that agreement as to the constitution of such a Court is altogether hopeless by the simple observation that no new or special Court of Appeal is in any way wanted. The existing highest tribunal of any competent and disinterested country would do perfectly well. The Power desiring to appeal would give the Power with which it was in controversy the choice of two or three tribunals against which no objection could be made, and that tribunal would settle the matter. The English Government would, for example, in the Portuguese case, have given Portugal the choice of an appeal tribunal in the United States, Germany, or Italy, and Portugal having made its choice would have had to abide by the issue. The great merit of the suggestion appears to be that, while providing for an appeal, it would really make appeals almost, if not quite, unknown. The Courts of a country like Portugal would hesitate to give random and prejudiced judgments if they knew these judgments would be exposed to the keen criticism of German or Roman jurists. Like many other good suggestions, this suggestion may be difficult to carry out, as national jealousies are infinite; but at any rate it does credit to the diplomatic ingenuity of its author.

CIVIL BURIALS.

THE French Senate has discovered a grievance which at the hour of death may bear heavily on Atheists whose reputation for unbelief may once have been as unblemished as Mr. BRADLAUGH'S OWN. In one most important particular the law leaves him wholly unprotected. Against everybody else it guards him, but it does not guard him against himself. To every Freethinker whose mind is of the proper tone, the question how he is to be buried is constantly present. A civil funeral is the last and most conspicuous of the ways in which he can show his contempt for religion. While he is alive he can stay away from church and make his marriage begin and end with the Mayor. But no one knows or cares whether he goes to church or not, and as everybody is married by the Mayor as well as by the priest the omission of the ecclesiastical ceremony is only an omission. A civil funeral is a very much more notorious affair. It involves a sin of commission of the most positive and unmistakable kind, and as such it has a charm to which no other exhibition of irreligion can quite come up. What can be more shocking to an ardent Atheist than the fear that he may be instrumental in depriving himself and his party of this high privilege? Yet no matter how consistent a man's life has been, the weakness of a moment may undo the work of years. He may have taken every precaution to ensure that no religious rites shall be performed at his grave. He may have left a precise expression of his wishes in writing, and have committed to paper every inspiring detail of the secular ceremonial; and then at the last he may grow weak or fond, he may be incapable of resisting or anxious to give pleasure to his wife or his parents, he may change his mind in contemplation of imminent death, and from any one of these motives he may consent to have a priest sent for, and die fortified, as the phrase goes, by the Sacraments of the Church. If this happens, all the testamentary dispositions by which he sought to ensure a civil funeral go for nothing. His last wishes are alone consulted, and the fact that he sent for a priest and received the last Sacraments overrides them all, because it is supposed that his own acts when on his deathbed afford a surer proof of his real desires. His second thoughts are held to be better than his first, and he is buried in accordance with the creed he professed when he lay dying instead of in accordance with the convictions of his whole lifetime.

A majority of the Senate has determined that this is too great a hardship to be any longer endured. Something must be done to prevent a superstitious family from depriving an Atheist of his civil crown of rejoicing. An Atheist has a right to be judged—and buried—by the whole tenor of an unbelieving life, not by a momentary relapse into religion at a time when he is too weak to know his own mind. The Burials Bill which has passed through the state in the Senate which best answers to our Committee contains a clause enacting that a man may determine how he will be buried either by will, or by declaration made before a notary, or by a private declaration made in testamentary form. But when once the point has been settled, it can only be unsettled by the same means that have settled it. A man who has once put it on record that he wishes to have a civil funeral may come to wish the exact contrary during his last illness. But unless he takes the precaution of putting this change of purpose on record either by will or by written declaration the original document will remain in force, and the happy possessor of it may produce it and carry off the body. It is expressly provided that the "bearer" of the document stating the will of the deceased shall be charged with the conduct of the funeral. The dead man may have died in the odour of sanctity, but unless he has remembered to make a formal statement in writing of his wish to have Christian burial, a contrary declaration, made perhaps forty years before and altogether forgotten in the interval, may be brought up against him the moment the breath has left his body, and no evidence that his family can give as to his later wishes, no expression of those wishes in the shape of recourse to religious rites, will be of any avail. The omnipotent "bearer" will appear, and to him the body must be given up. If M. LITRÉ, for example, in the first flush of his conversion to the religion of humanity had put into writing his desire for a civil funeral, and given the document to a Positivist friend with whom he had afterwards quarrelled, his body might have been snatched away from his relations and buried in a manner altogether inconsistent with what was known or inferred of his real wishes at the last. In the present enthusiasm for civil funerals, and the prevalence of societies pledging their members not to allow themselves to be buried in any other way, it is probable that every promising young Atheist will entrust to a companion the form which is to rescue his body from the hands of the priest. If he changes his mind by and by, and wishes to be buried as his father and mother were, he will do well not to forget that he must alter his will, or have the pain perhaps of remembering at the last moment that the wishes of his youth will be regarded at the cost of those of his later years, and that he will be buried, not with the rites he actually desires, but with those which he fancied he would desire half a lifetime back.

If it were not for the despicable intolerance which has suggested this clause, and for the pain which, if it becomes law, it will give to many families at a moment when they may fairly look to be spared any sorrow but that which is naturally associated with the death of a near relative, it would be difficult to treat this proposal seriously. The very notion of arming a stranger—the secretary of a civil burial club, probably—with a roving commission to demand the bodies of all those who have at any time professed a wish to be buried without any religious ceremony, suggests a positive desire on the part of the legislator to sow discord at the precise time when, and in the precise circumstances in which, any commonly prudent man would most strive to keep the peace. There is not a single plausible argument to be alleged in favour of the clause. As it stands, it will not even do what it aims at doing. Every zealous priest will keep by him a form of declaration in favour of religious burial, and whenever he is called to attend a dying man who has ever been even suspected of freethinking, his first act will be to get his penitent's signature to this form, in order to bar by anticipation any resurrection of youthful eccentricities. Consequently if this law is passed, it will at once have to be supplemented by another. If the genuine wishes of a dying man are not to be ascertained from his last words or from his last acts, why should they be ascertained any more certainly from his last writings? A law of mortmain must be applied to a man's body as well as to his goods; and, in order to make directions about burial binding, they must be given so many months or years before death. A law of this sort would secure in many cases the object which the majority of the Senate must be supposed to desire. When once a man had

declared his preference for civil burial, no death-bed conversion would avail to give him religious rites at his grave. However ardently he might wish for them they would be denied him. The "bearer" of the declaration would appear at the bedside so soon as the last struggle was over, the civil undertaker would be at the door, and the body would be torn away from the wife or mother and buried with what they would regard as the burial of a dog. The enemies of the Republic can wish for nothing better than the passing of such a measure as this. It will touch the nation in a point on which the French are extremely sensitive, the relation of the family to its individual members. The privilege of civil burial is only valued by a fanatical minority of the nation, and when it is sought to swell the number of such interments by what will often be the refusal of religious rites in cases in which every one concerned desires them, the majority may put up with the insult for a time, but they are not likely to forget it in the end.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS.

THAT the Co-operative Congress which has been held during the past week in Edinburgh should have been productive of some absurdities and of some things which deserve a worse name was to be expected. Congresses of all sorts are fertile in the absurd; Congresses of a semi-political kind are more fertile; and semi-political Congresses where that unlucky entity the working-man is supposed to be specially represented are most fertile. "Oh! working-man, how many follies are said and done in thy name!" is the happy version of a certain famous saying which is appropriate to England, and it may be hoped that it will never have to be changed for a version nearer to the original. Some one on this occasion descended to the depth of stating that a chance selection of the Congress would make a better Parliament than the present House of Commons. It is not necessary to have a very fervent admiration for the present House of Commons in order to appreciate the snobbery as well as the folly of this remark. But the vice of democracy like the vice of tyranny involves the parasitic vice of flattery, and the only thing that can be said is that the new tyrants appear to be even more destitute of the saving sense of humour than the old. The Congress before it separated proved its own political capacity by passing a vote of thanks to Lord RIFON for his Indian policy. The excuse for it is, of course, that its members, though doubtless very good men of business in Co-operative matters, know nothing of the subject. But they should have thought of a story of Mr. BAXTER's in his opening address. A Co-operative workman, it seems, finding his fellow Co-operator damaging the joint interests by clumsy work, threatened to throw him into the river. Whether this bodes well for the mansuetude and charity of social life when Co-operation shall reign and the capitalist be no more may be a question admitting of two answers. But it is not doubtful that, if this spirit of uncompromising devotion to his own interests as represented in the joint interest is characteristic of the Co-operator, the voters of the resolution to Lord RIFON would run considerable chance of a ducking at the hands of their fellow-workmen, did those workmen know what is really going on. The Tiflis-Baku Railway and the ILBERT Bill may seem to have mighty little to do with each other. That they have, when taken together, a great deal to do with the wages of the British working-man and the profits of the British Co-operator is pretty certain.

However, when the Congress confined itself to its proper work, and neither listened to the blandishments of men who ought to have known better nor adopted the platitudes of men who ought to have known better still, it communicated some interesting facts to the public. The Co-operative movement is now a sufficiently important one, and like all such movements it has branched into many forms. Some of these are denounced by Co-operative purists as illegitimate, and some of them are admitted, even by Co-operative enthusiasts, to be unsuccessful. Co-operative distribution has been an undoubted success, though it is a question whether the ill-feeling which it has created among large classes is not a serious drawback to that success. Co-operative manufacturing has as yet been tried only in a few trades, and not on the whole with brilliant results, though in certain circumstances

and with certain kinds of goods it has answered. Co-operative agriculture is scarcely out of the regions of experiment, and the objections to it are both serious and obvious. As for Co-operative banking, Co-operative trade of the wholesale kind and the like, they are admitted projects only, and it is probable that a prudent man would rather audit the accounts of such concerns than take shares in them. The great success of Co-operation has been in retail distribution, and it has been accounted for by very simple principles. In the first place, the Co-operator necessarily pays ready money; and if he is able to do this, he of course benefits by it. In the second place, the number of unnecessary middlemen (which had undoubtedly reached its height at the time when Co-operation was started) has been reduced considerably. There are of course two sides to this latter advantage, and it is sometimes forgotten that even the first is not altogether without disadvantageous possibilities. It is one of the paradoxes which are not really paradoxical that ready-money payments by the buyer frequently lead to a dangerous extension of the credit system to the seller. He turns, or hopes to turn, his money over so rapidly that capital seems hardly necessary to him, and speculative wholesale dealers are ready, for a consideration of course, to give him almost unlimited rope. In this rope it is notorious that he sometimes hangs himself—not, on the whole, with good results to the public. Of more transcendental objections to Co-operation it is not necessary to take much notice, though there is one very curious one which comes from the Communist side. The Co-operator (so growl certain determined Socialists) is only a capitalist in disguise, and by spreading the accursed contagion of capital he does more harm than good, not to mention that it will be harder to plunder him. Into these altitudes it is not necessary to climb. Co-operation in the various senses in which the word is now used has, like everything else, done some good and some harm. The good it has done is the consequence of the sound principles involved in it; the harm, of the unsound. These are appalling truisms no doubt; but there is something in a brief shower of truisms which has an excellent effect in washing out of the air the mirage which is sometimes created by the exaggerated belief of crotcheteers in their particular crotchet.

The mischief of Co-operation and of many other such things at the present day is that in a society which has a tendency towards Democracy they are always abused for political purposes. It has been seen that this Co-operative Congress (which has not the worst record on this head) has been so abused, and no doubt it will continue to be so. The main curse of Democracy is that it inevitably confuses political and social affairs. One hardly expects to find Mr. BAXTER among the prophets, but certain observations of Mr. BAXTER's on this occasion were very sensible, though perhaps not very sensibly meant. Congratulated (foolishly enough) by Mr. THOMAS HUGHES on his courage in being present, Mr. BAXTER is said to have replied that members of Parliament, especially recent members, paid far too much attention to letters written to them by very insignificant cliques on public questions. It is impossible to admire too much the wisdom of Mr. BAXTER or to marvel too much at the calm heroism with which he lets this wisdom drive, like an axe in the hands of his great chief, full at the supports of Radical power. For it is precisely by deferring to insignificant cliques that Mr. GLADSTONE is in office, and oddly enough it is notorious that in London Mr. BAXTER's own party made at the last general election the utmost possible capital out of this Co-operative question. Happy is that party which can always run with any hare and simultaneously hunt with any hounds. For Co-operation itself, apart from its tendency to play into the hands of political wire-pullers, neither much blessing nor much banning is necessary. It is extremely unlikely that it will conduct us to any earthly paradise, and almost as unlikely that it will seriously interfere for harm with the general social system. The nature of man limits the possibilities of all these ingenious devices which seem intended to alter and limit it. That it is a good thing for a poor man to get for sixpence what he would otherwise have to pay ninepence for is undoubted, and it is not much more doubtful that the poor man, rejoiced at the change, is extremely likely to allow himself three sixpennyworths where he formerly was contented with two ninepennyworths. Of these provoking and constant verities platform speakers rarely take much heed, but the verities are there all the same. On constructive effort (and Co-operation is, on the

whole, constructive) it is, therefore, always possible to look kindly; for a building which has not stability may be trusted not to stand. It is not the same with destructive energy, which can ruin in a moment what a thousand years have built up, and what it will take a thousand years to restore.

ART CRITICISM.

THERE are unfortunate classes of the community, such as attorneys, publishers, critics, and minor poets, at whom every one has his fling, and who suffer in silence. The second villain of a novel is commonly a solicitor; the post of first villain being reserved for an earl, or a baronet at least. On the stage the attorney is not more fortunate, and there must be some powerful motive which prevents the novelist (except Mr. George Borrow) from presenting to us a publisher deeply stained with guilt. As to the minor poet, he is as much in request by way of a weak-minded but rather malignant sort of fool as any character known to romance. The members of the classes thus ill-treated never reply, at least in print. They suffer and are strong, or, in a less august idiom, they grin and bear it. The critic, too, especially the art critic, has his wrongs. He is accustomed to being told that he has "failed" in some art which, probably, he was never so left to himself as to attempt to excel in. He is malicious, unfriendly, dull, ignorant, prejudiced, flippant, and a coxcomb. The critic, though he can do a good deal in the way of revenge if he chooses, never answers the attacks on him, any more than do the solicitor and the publisher. He never plays a defensive innings. He murmurs to himself that if a man of taste gives annoyance (as the critic obviously does) people should remember how much annoyance he must first have endured. The world forgets his provocations. Yet the lot of the art critic is emphatically not a happy one, and, before he is condemned, he should at least be allowed to plead extenuating circumstances.

People generally begin, when the critic is turned out to be worried, by denying that there is any reason for his existence. It was Mr. Ruskin (of all people), if we do not greatly err, who denounced criticism as an offence against good manners. No one in a drawing-room, it is said, would venture to discuss people in their hearing, and the critic who prints his remarks commits this social crime. Well, perhaps it is a crime when the critic prints words like "puppy" and "coxcomb," and accuses a man of throwing his paint-box and palette at the public. But only the most august and revered masters of the art allow their transports this free swing. As to the necessity of art criticism we may frankly admit that it does not exist. But leading articles, reviews of sermons, many debates in Parliament, most novels, most plays, and the enormous majority of pictures, are also by no means necessities. Life would not be appreciably less opulent in pleasure and edification if nine-tenths of the pictures exhibited were used for the wrapping up of parcels. The majority of things are not more necessary than the criticism of art. It is a mere question of supply and demand. There is yet a demand for the article—we do not presume to say why—and so the article is produced, like any other object of commerce. There cannot be many people who form their opinions on those of the critics, otherwise the most popular pictures would be deserted, and a deep and eager ring of enthusiasts would gather round works of art at present neglected. There is no need of a policeman to keep people at a safe distance from Mr. Gilbert's "Study of a Head," in bronze, in this year's Academy. But, if critics were not men of proved honesty and pacific character, that beautiful work would have been fought for and carried away very early in the morning of the Press view. On the other hand, scarcely a critic has a good word for Mr. Frith's "Private View," than which no design is viewed with more rapture by the public. Thus it is perfectly manifest that the public do not take their ideas from the reviewers. So far there is no harm done by that much-reviled class of thinkers. Why the public insists on having reviews of art it is not, perhaps, impossible to say. The public reads these columns as news pure and simple, as descriptions, not as criticisms. There is no harm in conversation about the merits of pictures, and the criticisms are, as a rule, only printed monologues. There is this to be said for them, that they often explain to a not particularly well-educated world the matter in hand. Young ladies (and they are not rare) who never heard of Penelope learn from the erudite critic that she was the wife of Ulysses, and that, for reasons of her own, she did a large piece of embroidery. Thus they come nearer to understanding "what it is all about" when they look at Mr. Macquoid's picture of the prudent mother of the wise Telemachus. The public cannot imagine why Mr. Calder Marshall's Thetis is holding a baby up by the heel. Their natural inclination is to think of the Judgment of Solomon, and to blame the unnatural mother. Then the critic, by virtue of his researches in Lemprière and other heathen writers, is able to inform his readers that Thetis is merely giving her boy a dip in the water which makes men invulnerable. Thus the character of the silver-footed goddess is cleared, and every one is happier and wiser. Or, if we turn to Mr. Burne Jones's "Fortune" (naturally puzzling to the majority of the race), the critic can act again as intelligent cicerone, and quote Juvenal, Horace, and other authorities. Painters (always a very learned class, addicted to recondite

allusions) often forget the artless ignorance of the world. The critic acts like the good people who conduct the Whitechapel amateurs through Mr. Barnett's exhibition, and explains the nature of the story represented. Indeed when we think of all that the despised art critic does as a popular teacher we almost feel inclined to affirm that his existence is a necessity after all. Few amateurs will buy a picture which they conceive to represent "Jupiter and Io," on account of the abstract nature of "ten." But when the critic lets them know that what they have taken for "10" is really 10, and when he tells the moving tale of the daughter of Inachus, then the amateur begins to comprehend the affair, and comes forward as the spirited and generous patron.

In spite of these obvious reflections—which prove that the art critic is really the harmless necessary showman—painters and sculptors persist in being ungrateful. They say (what the critic knows very well) that he could not paint even the meanest of the many babies who waddle on the walls or straddle and crawl in marble and plaster and bronze. They say that the work of months is dismissed at a glance and in a quarter of a paragraph. But whose fault is that? Does any one imagine that the art critic likes having eight hours, at the utmost, in which to inspect and form his opinion about eighteen hundred works of art? Suppose a man goes to the Academy at ten, on the morning of the Press view, and stays till six, lunching on a cake of chocolate as he walks round, and denied even the refreshment of a cigarette, he will probably be removed in the condition of a colour-blind idiot before dinner-time. Yet even this conscientious critic would only have, we think, twenty seconds and a trifle over to give to each exhibited masterpiece. This calculation borders on decimal fractions, and belongs rather to mathematical science than to art. Yet these are the conditions under which an opinion has to be formed, unless the reviewer confines himself strictly to the most obtrusive works hung on the line. Even in that case he will be hurried, and he may, and probably will, carry home with him but a faint or even erroneous conception of the designs about which he has to speak. Probably there are almost as many novels printed in a year as there are pictures exhibited at the Academy, and no doubt the general run of pictures is as good as (we think it is much better than) the general run of novels. But the reviewer of the novel has leisure and space in which to form and express his judgment. The reviewer of pictures has not leisure, as we have shown, and he can only get space by confining himself to a few works and leaving all the rest out of account.

In these sad circumstances the art critic is driven to the extremes of dire despair. He must either laugh or cry under such stress and pressure of misfortunes. If he cries—that is, if he takes a severe and sombre view of modern art, and impartially smites with his censure Academicians and Associates—he is regarded as a conceited and perhaps malignant being, a kind of "wrecker" in the picture market. A recent collection of Mr. Shirley Brooks's verses, called *Wit and Humour*, show us the attitude of the painter to the stern critic who writes more in sorrow than in anger:—

I takes and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage Ruskin
He sticks his tusk in,
Then nobody will buy.

Mr. Ruskin has ceased to stick his tusk into the Academy, but, if he were to publish his ideas, there is no saying what would happen in this age of dynamite. On the other hand, the hard-driven critic may be in the laughing, and not the crying, mood, and then he is accused of cruel flippancy. Mr. Shirley Brooks has a poem on the flippant critic too:—

Now for the witticisms cheap
That sting with knat (*sic*) bite power,
The sentence based on hasty peep,
And visit of an hour,

and so forth. But whose fault is it that the peep is a hasty one, and how many hours of gorgeous and polychromatic headache is the human frame capable of enduring?

On the whole, if one had an enemy, and if the enemy were not as thick-skinned as the armadillo, one could wish him no worse fate than to be an art critic. He may praise for years, and not a soul is grateful; he may blame once, and all persons interested are indignant. Nay, he may praise and excite anger in the following sort. Many artists are too wise to read criticisms, but their good-natured friends skim them, misunderstand them, distort what they have read, and repeat the nonsense they have thus compiled to the artist. Then he goes about in a rage (and herein he exactly resembles many men of letters), saying, "I have been slated in the *Palladium*." Now the fact is that he has not been mentioned at all in the *Palladium*, but he has been favourably noticed in the *Thesaurus*, and some one has misunderstood the review in that periodical, has attributed it (as stupid people invariably do) to another periodical, and has caused all this annoyance, for which the critic is in no way responsible. These accidents befall most writers, or most subjects; but they are the peculiar bitterness of the cup of the art critic. He is often driven to a general tone of smooth panegyric, which is not at all intended for flattery, but is merely the refuge of a man who would not willingly be at odds with his fellow-creatures. This was the refuge of Théophile Gautier when he was a dramatic critic, and it is the natural resource of every person not of iron nerves who is obliged to speak about contemporary art. Such a one has two other troubles and perils. First he loses

all his old natural love of art, hates landscapes, and loathes historical painting, because these efforts of the moderns give him so much trouble. Secondly, it is odds but the art critic acquires a very detestable style, and has much to say about "luminosity," "coloration," and the rest of the jargon. The result of all these things is that art criticism will come to be left to very young men, who think no more of a painter's feelings than of a rabbit's or a salmon's; or to very dogmatic and conceited men, whose opinion of their own infallibility cannot be shaken; or to very dull men, who never see any fun in anything, and can review the most dishevelled Pre-Raphaelite or the most inveterate Academician without a smile. And, no doubt, there will always be an adequate supply of young men and dogmatic men, and men with no sense of humour. Others will probably find in a few years that the lot of a night cab-horse has fewer tribulations than that of an art critic.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition which was opened this day week at South Kensington has at least this in its favour, that it is curiously different in arrangement from any similar Exhibition of equal size that has ever been seen in England. Instead of one huge building divided into courts, the courts, at least most of them, are independent sheds of wood or iron, connected by covered passages, but so dotted about the inner space of the Horticultural Gardens that, for any one who chooses, open spaces of turf or water intervene between them. The brick side arcades of the Gardens, and the great conservatory have indeed been utilized, the former being filled with a very creditable, though at the beginning of this week not fully organized, aquarium, an immense collection of stuffed fishes and birds, some models and specimens of apparatus for fish culture, and so forth; while in the centre of the conservatory Her Majesty's barge figures, probably feeling that it is not more out of place there than it has been wherever its last century of unused idleness has condemned it to sojourn. But all the foreign exhibits, and the most interesting part of the English ones, are in structures of iron or other material suited to the purpose, proportioned in size to their contents, arranged with very fair symmetry, and certainly not with more bewildering effect than is usual in Exhibitions. Indeed, the opportunity of going into the open and surveying things in general which constantly occurs makes it much more difficult for the visitor to lose himself than is common. There is no going upstairs (unless the few steps which the slope of the ground necessitates may be dignified with that title); and on the whole, though the ground which the Exhibition covers is very considerable, it may be visited with much less fatigue than might be imagined from the fact that it covers, in a way, the whole space between the Natural History Museum and the Albert Hall.

To speak frankly, the Exhibition might with advantage have been readier than it was in the early days of this week. Of the smaller groups of exhibitors the Hawaiians are not the only one whose place is taken by a placard, stating that "these exhibits have not yet arrived"; and one gallery of considerable size—that allotted to Russia—was a howling wilderness some days after the Duke of Edinburgh had told us how many new fishes were to swim into our ken therein. The zoological rarities of the open ponds—seals, otters, and so forth—were not visible. Men were yet on Tuesday arranging the toilet of the Marquis of Exeter's whale; and in not a few of the galleries, without any very definite or apparent reason, there seemed to be arrays of chairs and benches which might have been supplanted to advantage by glass cases and well-loaded counters. But an Exhibition always takes some time to get fully under way, and it is quite unnecessary and perhaps rather impolite to look at the barren places when there are plenty of fertile ones. Almost every important European nation, and indeed almost every important nation in the world, is represented here, and most of them adequately. Two notable exceptions to this there are, and they are France and Germany, neither of which can be said to have done much more than put in an apology for non-appearance. This is the more remarkable in that in pisciculture, if not in deep-sea fishing, France holds a very high place, and was moreover almost the first to start fishery exhibitions, while Germany but a year or two ago held an elaborate one of her own in Berlin. It is true that neither at French nor at German exhibitions was England very well represented, and perhaps that is the secret of the beggarly appearance which is here presented by the two foremost countries of Continental Europe. On the other hand, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Canada, and the United States make an excellent appearance, and Spain—one not much inferior, while the Chinese and Indian exhibits—especially the former—are very interesting and picturesque, as well as capitally grouped. At least two Chinese (it is impossible to say whether they are heathen or not) wander about this court and the Gardens generally with an air of great affability and perfect condescension to barbarians. Also there is said to be a Red Indian who fishes, but who was not obnoxious to the eye at the time of our visit; and there are or were still some of the costumed fisherwomen who figured at the opening ceremony.

It is scarcely necessary to have Mr. Ruskin's æsthetic-metaphysical affection for a ship in order to appreciate the really admirable collection of boats—some in model only, but many full size—which form the most interesting part of the exhibits in the

great gallery devoted to home exhibitors. This gallery opens on the visitor as soon as he has passed through a sort of vestibule hung with paintings and drawings of fish. It is the chief *coup d'œil* in the Exhibition (for what is called the Promenade in the centre is much shorter and less effective), and from the top of the few steps that lead down to it it has a very striking effect. The walls are hung in almost unbroken festoons with nets, white, black, brown, and red, which make admirable *tapisserie*. There are at intervals piles of the excruciatingly neat coils of rope which make every boy who is worth his salt and inhabits a seaport town long to expend his whole worldly wealth on these glorified balls of string, and right and left there are the boats, with much else. Over these boats, and over the hardly less interesting working models, every one who has ever rejoiced in the use of oar or sail is sure to linger, and some of them are really admirable specimens of the builder's art. The Greencastle yawl used off the Donegal coast, which Mr. Burdett Coutts exhibits, is all the more interesting in that, being itself a very smart craft, it lies close beside, and must in actual use frequently associate with, specimens of the most primitive fishing-boats used in any part of Her Majesty's dominions. The coracle, which with some difference is common to Ireland and Wales, is pretty generally known (the Irish coracle, by the way, seems, to the best of our remembrance, to be deeper than the Welsh); but the less known curragh (shown in several specimens by the Marquess of Hamilton and Mr. Sayer) will probably be new to almost all visitors to the Exhibition who have not themselves journeyed to the West of Ireland. It may best be described as the bow half of a very rudely formed boat joined on to a stumpy oblong punt, the whole being made of materials not much more solid than the coracle itself. To speak mildly, it is not perhaps the vehicle which a nervous man would choose for a day's cruise in the Atlantic, where it is used.

In a brief general account it is only possible to notice general effects. The Norwegian Section, besides the most elaborate collection of nets and hand tackle (a collection matched only by Holland, England, and Sweden), has also a very interesting fleet of "trim boats of Norway deal," full size or model. The Canadian Section, good in many respects, deserves to be especially commended for its excellent examples of taxidermy; while the United States, in a show which is very varied and good all round, includes large cases of the singularly light and neatly got up (but also horribly expensive) rods in which American fishermen delight. In the Spanish Court the models of bag-nets, trawls, and such-like matters, worked by several boats, also shown in model, and used chiefly for catching sardines and tunny, are for the most part Government exhibits, and deserve the praise of being among the best finished and most effective of the many such things here shown. The most noteworthy contributions of Italy and Greece seem, at any rate on cursory examination, to be cases of coral and other jewelry; but this, requiring minute notice, can hardly be spoken of offhand. The intrinsic interest of the Chinese collection has perhaps been made the most of by reporters; but it is so extremely well got up, and forms so good a contrast to the sober piles of nets and cordage to be seen elsewhere, that the exaggeration is quite excusable if indeed it has been committed.

Of the more practical sides of the Exhibition it is somewhat early to speak. The fish market is very well arranged and fairly well supplied, while, if the prices which ruled in the early part of the week were calculated to pay expenses and give a genuine profit, the popular belief that "somebody deserves whopping" for the dearth of London fish is certainly justified. This was not so noteworthy in salmon (which has been unusually plentiful and cheap this year) as in other fish, especially in what should be the more abundant varieties. There was, when we saw it, room for much more fish in this market, though the stalls which were occupied were well filled. The fish dinners (also an important feature) have hitherto been simply mobbed, and the Exhibition has not been open at a time when an interior which respects itself can eat fish, which may be said to be especially a breakfast or a dinner food. On this, therefore, we reserve judgment. Lastly, the adjudication of prizes and the discussions which are promised on really important points of fish breeding and fish catching, as well as on gear, boats, apparatus for life saving, &c., are yet in the future. But the Exhibition as it is may be well spoken of. If it be apparently less varied than the great international shows, it has, on the other hand, actually less monotony. Here and there, it must be confessed, the most inquiring mind recoils from rows of piles of little red boxes, all of which appear to contain identically the same preserved fish sent by some enterprising South American. A trophy of rope may not seem delightful to those who have outgrown the early and mysterious affection for herb Pantagruelion and its products to which we have confessed above. But to any one who remembers the fearful wastes of "textile products" or the roaring and malodorous pandemoniums of machinery which spread hard by these very courts twenty-one years ago, tinned fish will seem interesting, and wildernesses of nets (even if they are somewhat redolent of what the bard, careless of England's greatness, calls "the nasty pitch and tar") fragrant. The constant opportunity of escaping into the Gardens, which it may be hoped will shortly be more flowery, though they blossom fairly already, is a very great advantage. The scale of the Exhibition, though no small one, is not beyond comfortable accomplishment, and a great part of it appeals directly to the most constant and attentive, if not the most dignified, of human feelings. A Norwegian exhibitor, anxious to pay a compliment to England, has decorated a very

solid and appetizing keg of something or other with the painted words "Delicious" Sprat. The desire to stave that keg (it is of oak and very nicely polished) and examine the "delicious" sprat must come upon everybody who is not too great and good to care for such trifles. We do not know, for reasons already stated, whether the "delicious" sprat and other things of the same kind (which are innumerable) are served in the refreshment rooms; but, if they are not, they ought to be, and if they are we may possibly some day give an account of them.

THE PAPAL CIRCULAR ON IRELAND.

WE have referred elsewhere to the Circular addressed by the Holy See to the Irish Bishops in its more immediately political bearings. How far its issue at this moment may be due, as some of our contemporaries assert, to the intervention of Mr. Errington need not be discussed here. There can at all events be no doubt at all—as we observed two months ago in commenting on the proceedings of that very bellicose but now humiliated prelate, the Archbishop of Cashel—that the line taken by Cardinal McCabe, and not that taken by Dr. Croke, represents not only the avowed policy and sentiments of the present Pontiff, but what always has been, and for obvious reasons must be, the traditional and instinctive policy of the See of Rome. It was in substance the policy of Pius IX. no less than of Leo XIII., and Cardinal Cullen was sent to Dublin to carry it out, but still the two Popes differ as widely as Cardinal Cullen differs from his successor in the primacy. Pius IX. of course hated revolution both on principle and for very sufficient practical reasons; he would, had he ever heard of it—which is unlikely—have been quite ready to endorse Dr. Johnson's famous aphorism that the first Whig was the devil. But he hated revolution on theological or rather theocratic grounds, not from any deliberate views of statesmanship or social order, whereas Leo XIII. has the genius of a statesman rather than of a divine, as he has shown in his dealings with the Prussian Government. He understands no doubt that the peace and good order of States conduce to the "godly quietness" of the Church, but he also loves orderly and lawful government for its own sake. Much the same may be said of Cardinal McCabe, whereas Cardinal Cullen, though he was all for strong government, as indeed he showed plainly enough in his own rule over his clergy, valued it chiefly as the instrument or condition of ecclesiastical power. Fenianism was hateful to him for the same reason as Freemasonry, and probably in much the same degree. He could hit hard, when he chose, at political disaffection, but he always managed to give a backhander, so to say, to Protestants, or Garibaldians, or some kind of religious outlaws in doing so. We are not blaming him; it was "his nature to," and his influence tended on the whole to promote the cause of order in Ireland. But he would have been sorely at a loss how to deal with the more aggressive and yet more complicated machinery of recent Irish agitation, and if he had issued any warning against co-operation with Mr. Parnell, would certainly have dwelt more prominently on his complicity with foreign atheists than on his encouragement of "illegal" action at home. It is not often indeed that the Court of Rome or its representatives speak out on matters of no directly ecclesiastical interest with the incisive force and clearness of this last Papal Circular. A style of grandiloquent, not to say bombastic, circumlocution had become part of the traditional etiquette of the Curia, and if under the last pontificate it occasionally degenerated into a too blunt frankness of malediction, that was in dealing with such "vipers" as Protestants or Liberal Catholics—like Mr. Gladstone or Montalembert—who ventured "to assail the ship of the Church," or in other words to criticise the policy then dominant at the Vatican. It is not the least of the improvements unostentatiously introduced by the present Pope that, while he never curses and swears at his enemies, nor even pursues them with those "prayers exceeding bitter" in which his predecessor was an adept, he can speak out, when he sees need for it, with a directness and simplicity which leaves nothing to be desired, and bars alike to the subtlest or the dullest intellect every loophole for misapprehension. The oracle may or may not be infallible—those to whom it is addressed have lost not a moment in the present instance in assuring us that it is not—but there is anyhow nothing oracular about it in the other sense of the word. It speaks in a tongue very plainly understood of the people, and we may hope that they will not only read and mark but inwardly digest the message thus conveyed.

There is an almost abruptness about the opening paragraph of the Circular, which makes it plain at once that the Pope does not intend to mince matters, and is resolved not to be misunderstood. He had spoken to the same effect before, but in a more general way, and those who mislaid his admonitions were able to affect not to apprehend them. They cannot—and, as will presently appear, do not—affect to do so now. This is how the document begins:—

Whatever may be the case as regards Mr. Parnell himself and his objects, it is at all events proved that many of his followers have on many occasions adopted a line of conduct in open contradiction to the rules laid down by the Supreme Pontiff in his letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, and contained in the instructions sent to the Irish bishops by this Sacred Congregation, and unanimously accepted by them at their recent meeting at Dublin.

It is lawful indeed, the circular goes on to say, for the Irish to

seek redress for their grievances and strive for their rights, but only by lawful means; "it is wicked to further any cause, however just, by illegal means." And hence "it is the duty of the clergy, and especially of the bishops, to exert their influence to curb, not to inflame, the passions of the multitude"; least of all can they be permitted "to take part in, or in any way promote, movements inconsistent with prudence and with the duty of calming men's minds." They may of course collect money for the relief of distress in Ireland, but "the apostolic mandates absolutely condemn such collections as are raised in order to kindle popular excitement, and to be used as means for leading men into rebellion against the laws," like the Parnell Testimonial Fund, headed with a 50*l.* subscription from Archbishop Croke, who indeed was the first to suggest it, and supported by nine bishops and a great number of priests. The next paragraph may fairly be described as a sort of double-barrelled revolver aimed straight at his Grace's head, for it is well understood that Mr. Forster is one of the "distinguished persons" specially referred to, while the last sentence is almost a quotation from the Archbishop's letter to the *Freeman's Journal*:—

Above all things, they, the clergy, must hold themselves aloof from such subscriptions when it is plain that hatred and dissensions are aroused by them, that distinguished persons are loaded with insults, that never in any way are censures pronounced against the crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves; and especially when it is asserted that the measure of true patriotism is in proportion to the amount of money given or refused—so as to bring the people under the pressure of intimidation.

In his letter proposing the Testimonial and enclosing his own contribution, Archbishop Croke had said that, "when closed and given to the public in its complete form, the subscription list would supply an admirable test as to who really belongs or does not belong just now to the Irish party." Not content however with this tolerably explicit condemnation, the Circular concludes by stating in so many words that "the collection called the Parnell Testimonial Fund cannot be approved, and consequently it cannot be tolerated that any ecclesiastic, much less a bishop, should take any part whatever in recommending or promoting it." The astutest casuist gibbeted in the *Provincials* could hardly wriggle out of this very unmistakable prohibition. And there are two circumstances which conspire—the second especially—to add considerably to its grave significance. It is stated, and we believe correctly, that although Archbishop Croke was expressly summoned to Rome *ad audiendum verbum*—i.e. in plain English to receive a reprimand—he was kept waiting more than a week after his arrival there, before an audience was accorded to him. This would have meant nothing more under Pius IX., who was in the habit of browbeating his bishops, than that the Pope disliked his views, but such a studied and open mark of disapproval comes with peculiar emphasis from a pontiff like Leo XIII., who has all along made it a rule to treat bishops rather as his colleagues than his inferiors. And this remark leads up to a second of yet wider scope. It has been objected in some quarters that the Pope ought to have acted sooner in the matter, and that his rebuke of prelates who play fast and loose with sedition and murder comes too late in the day to carry any weight, if it does not even show that he waited to take part with the winning side. In point of fact this is by no means his Holiness's first public utterance on the subject, and he begins it, as we have seen, by referring to the instructions sent several months ago to the Irish bishops through the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, which Dr. Croke and his friends have openly set at defiance. But, whereas it was the fixed principle and deliberate practice of the late Pope to govern the Church as an autocrat, the present Pope inaugurated his reign, as the penny-a-liners would put it, by a solemn announcement that he intended to govern on constitutional principles. To a certain extent, as we took occasion to observe at the time, he hampered his own future action by this perhaps too frank avowal of a sounder policy, and those who complain that his reforming energies have not been more rapidly developed should in justice remember that he inherited from his predecessor a reactionary College of Cardinals, whose official rights he felt bound to recognize far more amply than Pius IX. had done, and who were sure to use them to put a drag on the wheel of reform. In the same way, those who complain of his not taking action sooner against Archbishop Croke should remember how strongly and justly Pius IX. was blamed by Liberal Catholics and others for his constant and arbitrary interference with episcopal rights, which in fact reduced the constitution of the Church to an absolute monarchy. The very legitimate and creditable disinclination for such interference manifested from the first by Leo XIII. abundantly suffices to explain his delay in administering a humiliating rebuke to his rebellious brother of Cashel, while it clenches and enhances indefinitely the force of the stern rebuke which it must have cost him so much to administer, now that it has come at last.

The question of what effect the Papal monition will produce in Ireland is of interest from a practical as well as a speculative point of view, for it will serve to test the much-vaunted loyalty of Ireland to the Holy See. Archbishop Croke is understood to have made his submission, and under the circumstances he could scarcely help doing so. The deprivation of a bishop, and still more of an archbishop, without canonical process, is a strong measure, though it is one from which the late Pope did not shrink in cases where there was but the flimsiest excuse for it. But Leo XIII. would have had all the best public opinion of his own Church as well as of outsiders with him in taking stringent measures to coerce a prelate

who openly countenanced courses which he has justly stigmatized as "illegal" and "wicked." For that there will be no necessity. The question is not whether Archbishop Croke himself will submit—he has already done so—but whether the Irish priesthood generally and the Irish faithful who profess to follow their guidance will do likewise. Of course, if they were "Catholics first and Irishmen afterwards," there could be no doubt about it, but then, as we had occasion once before to point out, they are and always have been very much the reverse. As far back as they are known to history at all they have been "Catholics, if you please, but first Irishmen." It is true that at the period of the Reformation and for some time afterwards their Catholicism rose to fever heat in a quasi-Ultramontane form (it was never genuine Ultramontanism) because their Saxon oppressors had lapsed into heresy, and the rulers whose yoke they desired to throw off—like Henry VIII. or Elizabeth or Cromwell, or later on "Dutch William"—were Protestants as well as aliens, and to shout "Hurrah for the Pope" meant, being interpreted, "Hurrah for old Ireland." It did not mean this during the four centuries before the Reformation, when an English Pope had handed over that "barbarous and ignorant people" to their conquerors for their social and spiritual benefit, and there were accordingly no hurrahs for the Pope then. And it does not mean it now, for, though England is still Protestant, it has ceased in any way to interfere with the national religion of Ireland and is on friendly terms with the Papacy. The fervent Catholicism therefore of what has been not very happily termed by a modern writer "one of the most priest-ridden nations in Europe" has again retired into the background, with the subsidence of the temporary and accidental causes which evoked it. And it remains to be seen whether a Pope who condemns popular agitation against the English Government, and has so little sense of the fitness of things as to denounce insults offered to "distinguished persons" like Mr. Forster, and even to characterize the "removal" of such obviously obnoxious persons as landlords and Chief Secretaries, by the ugly name of "crimes and murders with which wicked men stain themselves," will find more ready obedience than was paid to Adrian IV. The *Freeman's Journal* at all events, Dr. Croke's favourite organ, has lost no time in sounding the note of resistance. After comparing this missive of Leo XIII. to the Bull of Adrian assigning the government to Henry II., as of equally "vital importance to Ireland," it observes that the document not being "an *ex cathedra* pronouncement"—and therefore not infallible—does not bind the Catholic conscience; and in fact the most devoted Catholics will feel, as the *Freeman* "does not hesitate to say it feels itself," that it has been written under a grievous misapprehension of the facts, that the confidence of his Holiness has been abused, and he has been misled or deliberately deceived. This is not altogether reassuring, and the *Freeman's Journal* may be assumed to represent a considerable measure of clerical as well as lay sentiment in Ireland. Moreover, at a meeting of the Irish National League held last Wednesday in Dublin, with Mr. Biggar in the chair, the action of the Pope was sharply denounced by Roman Catholic speakers amid the enthusiastic cheers of their audience. Mr. Mayne, "speaking as a Catholic," quoted O'Connell's saying that "he took his theology from Rome, but not his politics"; and added that "they had to pay deference to the Head of their Church, but the head of their political Church at present was Mr. Parnell. The Papal Allocution was instigated by Mr. Gladstone." Mr. Kenny regarded the Circular "as a shameful insult to the priests and people of Ireland." There were priests present at the meeting, who were loudly cheered on their entrance. Mr. Sexton at an evening meeting spoke quite as strongly to the same effect. Mr. O'Donnell has since written to forward *rol.* to the Parnell fund, and complains, "as a Catholic politician," that "the poison of lying assertions has beguiled with specious mendacity the pastoral simplicity of distant pontiffs." How far these sentiments may be found amenable to Papal correction the event will prove. But we shall at least have an opportunity of gauging the reality and moral value of Irish devotion to the Church and the Holy See, if it proves unequal to the trial of accepting an admonition from the Supreme Pastor—even though it be not "*ex cathedra*"—to respect the second table of the Decalogue.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

NOW that Mr. Whymper has shown that the Andes are, to use the mildest expression, unattractive, it is natural that those who are possessed by the passion for reaching places where man's presence does not seem to have been contemplated by nature should begin to think of the Himalayas. The Alps are exhausted, and though the Caucasus offers beautiful scenery and mountains on which considerable danger to life might be incurred without much trouble or expense, its charms must needs seem pale to ambitious explorers when compared with the far mightier range in which a mountain of the height of Elbruz would be but a third-class peak. It is of course painfully obvious to the ardent mountaineer, and indeed to others whether ardent or not, that there are difficulties in the way of a Himalayan tour; and, moreover, there is the painful consideration that the rarity of the air may make the ascent of the dominating peaks utterly impossible. Fortunately, however, the difficulties of Himalayan travel are, in some parts of the range, not greater than may

be overcome by moderate energy and moderate expenditure; and there is reason for believing that the effect of the rarefied air on strength has been much exaggerated, and that man at present is, so far from being "incapable of extended locomotion," as according to the *Nineteenth Century* he will be, quite capable of walking to the tops of mountains 22,000 feet high, and possibly of attaining even loftier summits. How he is likely to fare at the foot of peaks of this kind, what are the facilities for travel in the Himalayas, and what the obstacles and difficulties to be encountered, are very clearly explained in an article in the number of the *Alpine Journal* which has just appeared. The author, Major J. W. A. Michell, having, it seems, been requested to give the Alpine Club some information respecting his journeys in the great chain, read a paper at one of their meetings which is now published under the title of "Twenty Years' Climbing and Hunting in the Himalayas." Major Michell is certainly well entitled to speak on this subject, as during the time mentioned he has made, besides minor trips, twelve expeditions in the great range lasting from two to six months, and has visited almost every part of it which is accessible to European travellers. At present about one-half is forbidden to them, and, as need hardly be said, the peak which, so far as is yet known, is the highest in the world, belongs to this interdicted half. As however that portion which is open to all includes peaks enough to afford agreeable occupation to a generation or two of climbers, any regret at the limitations to the activity of the Alpine Club in the Himalayas would at present be premature.

Other obstacles to the efforts of the members of this estimable body undoubtedly exist, but they are not by any means so formidable as they appear at first sight. The man who desires to strike well into the mountains must be able to give up some time to his journey, and this must necessarily entail considerably more expense than an ordinary vacation ramble. In these days, however, when one traveller devotes a considerable portion of a year to the Andes, and another goes out to New Zealand for the purpose of climbing Mount Cook, the time required for a Himalayan trip does not appear excessive. Bombay is but three weeks from England, and from Bombay the traveller can go a long way towards some parts of the Himalayas by rail. Major Michell points out that there is railway communication to a place only sixty miles from the town of Mussoorie, whence there is a twelve days' march up valleys or along ridges to the snowy range. The cost of reaching this place does not appear to be formidable, as he estimates it at 58*l.*, which includes board as far as Bombay. To visit other parts of the range would require, no doubt, more time and more money, but not more of either than a good many people can spare in days when so many have leisure and means for a trip round the world. In the mountain districts life is, according to Major Michell, wonderfully cheap, so cheap indeed that, marvellous as it may seem to those who are accustomed to the cost of Swiss travel, men stationed in India who find economy necessary may with advantage make a prolonged expedition in the hills. Major Michell says that in 1860, when he made his first journey, he spent in five weeks only a sum of 5*l.*, which may be considered as about one-sixth of what, exclusive of railway expenses, a five-weeks' journey in Switzerland would then have cost. Now a country where a man can travel for 2*s.* 10*d.* a day must needs seem a paradise to the young and ambitious, as even with the modest revenue of 200*l.* a year there would be during a journey in the Himalayas a saving of income at the rate of 74 per cent. Unfortunately, however, this delightful scale of charges is no longer in force. An unpleasant change which, according to all principle, ought not to have occurred, has occurred. Here in the West we have most of us been under the impression that prices have risen considerably during the last twenty-five years; but economic science in the person of Mr. Goschen tells us that this is not so. In the far East facts, with their usual stubbornness, decline to bend to science. Life in the hill-country is now, says Major Michell, dearer than it was. Still, expenses are low, and a man may travel with all the comfort obtainable in those regions for about 15*l.* a month. Now, though 10*s.* a day has not the exquisite fascination of 2*s.* 10*d.* a day, it is undoubtedly a cheap rate of living, and the traveller who could spend some time in the mountains would not find his journey on the whole a very costly one, in spite of the expense incurred in getting out and home; though, of course, if he had to take Swiss guides with him his total expenses would be considerable. Of the kind of life he would lead in the districts where so moderate an outlay will get everything that can be got Major Michell gives a very pleasant picture. In primitive countries everything depends on the disposition of the people, and in many parts of the Himalayas—that is to say, of the Himalayas in so far as they are accessible to Europeans—the natives seem to be well disposed and ready to serve travellers. They are, says Major Michell, who has seen much of them, hardy and adventurous to a degree, excellent craftsmen, skilful in knowledge of ground, keen sportsmen, docile, and obedient. It might be thought that the mountain explorer could hardly ask for better men to aid him in executing the peculiar task he imposes on himself.

Unfortunately, however, this conclusion may not seem altogether a just one to those who are conversant with the difficulties of mountaineering. Major Michell estimates the capabilities of these men from a sportsman's point of view, and, full of interesting information as his paper is, it is clear that, like other Anglo-Indian sportsmen who have written about the Himalayas, he has little knowledge of the work that has to be done on the higher slopes of difficult

peaks. Thus, for instance, he speaks of the common practice of wearing grass shoes, and advises those who go to the Himalayas to use them. To any one who knows what really difficult ice-work is the suggestion must appear a strange one. Even these grass shoes however are not, it seems, required by some indomitable natives, whose feet "resemble horn," and who walk over snow or scale crags barefoot. That on bare crags they are wonderful climbers can be perfectly understood; but though they may be perfectly capable of walking barefoot over such snow-fields as the hunter traverses, it may well be doubted whether they could sustain in this condition the long battle up the higher slopes of *névé* which the mountaineer would have to traverse. That the difficulties they are able to overcome are different from those of the upper snow-fields is obvious from one remark which Major Michell makes. He says that their principal aids in climbing are a small hatchet and a goat's-hair rope, but that these are very seldom called into requisition. Now in the high Alps the ice-axe and rope are very often called into requisition by the most absolute necessity; they would also be needed in high ascents in the Himalayas, unless we are to suppose that these mountains are, in some strange way, utterly different from those of Europe. Of the liability of these men, who presumably do not possess green spectacles, to snow-blindness, Major Michell says nothing. In all probability they never or rarely run the risk of it. Strong, hardy, and intrepid, they can render doubtless invaluable aid to sportsmen on the lower portions of a mountain where game is found. On the higher slopes and ridges leading to the summit they would probably, even if their superstitious fears could be overcome, be useless or worse than useless. In attempting any lofty peaks in the Himalayas, the explorers would no doubt find the hillmen most useful up to the point where the real difficulties had to be grappled with. Here however it would, in all likelihood, be best to leave them behind.

Travellers seeking the Himalayas must then be prepared to fight their way up mountains unaided, unless they can bear the expense of taking guides out with them. The records of the *Alpine Journal* show that some members of the Alpine Club are thoroughly competent to do guides' work, and, to men thus qualified, or to those who could afford to take guides out, the Himalayas would seem to offer a tempting field. Unfortunately, however, neither English nor Swiss climbers would be able to give up breathing during the latter part of an ascent. The obvious question which suggests itself with regard to the great Himalayan peaks is whether, under the most favourable circumstances, their summits may not prove unattainable, owing to the thinness of the air. On this point it can only be said that recent experience shows that the lungs soon get accustomed to rarefied air, and that men can attain, and sometimes attain without inconvenience, heights at which, according to the belief of former days, they ought not to be able to breathe. Mr. Glaisher, indeed, is supposed to have been much higher than the top of Mount Everest, but then he and his companion nearly died, and it must be remembered that they had not to make any bodily effort. A height of more than 22,000 feet has, we believe, been reached in the Himalayas by an English officer, and a height exceeding 21,000 feet was twice reached by Mr. Whymper in the Andes. It is remarkable that at first this traveller and his guides suffered frightfully from the rarity of the air. At an elevation of only 16,600 feet on the slopes of Chimborazo they felt incapable for awhile of making the least exertion. Subsequently, however, Mr. Whymper passed a night on the summit of Cotopaxi, 19,600 feet high, without apparently suffering in any way, and when he made his second ascent of Chimborazo he does not seem to have felt any oppression whatever. On the other summit mentioned, that of Cotopaxi, he had been preceded by Herr von Thielmann, who was not apparently in the least affected by the rarity of the air, and of the five mountaineers who accompanied him only one complained of headache. It seems then clear that a strong man accustomed to mountain walking would be able, after allowing time for his lungs to get acclimatized, to attain without any difficulty a height of 21,000 feet, and that he would possibly be able, without any very great difficulty, to mount 1,000 feet higher. Whether any man, however strong and practised, can go much beyond this, whether heights of 23,000 and 24,000 feet can be reached on foot, it is impossible at present to say. Mr. Mathews, the late President of the Alpine Club, who referred to this subject in a paper on mountain-climbing, seemed to think that even the summit of Mount Everest might not be unattainable. Mount Everest, or Gauri Sankar, towers by more than 6,000 feet over the highest point yet reached on foot, and we fear that over the final part of the walk up its atmospheric conditions would severely try the mountaineer. Unfortunately the interesting experiment cannot be made, as Mount Everest cannot be approached. A peak more than 28,000 feet high is, however, accessible; and now that Major Michell has shown that the difficulties and expense of Himalayan travel are not so great as they are supposed to be, some adventurous members of the Alpine Club may think of attempting the ascent of this Monte Rosa of the Himalayas. For the real enthusiast such an expedition must have the greatest possible attraction. If he succeeds, he will achieve lasting renown, and if he fails, and at 25,000 feet or thereabouts dies, literally from want of breath, his last moments will be cheered by the thought that he has made a highly interesting experiment, and that he will rank legitimately amongst the martyrs of science.

THE HUNDREDS OF FLEGG.

GREAT YARMOUTH, to which we not long ago devoted an article, lies on the extreme southern verge of the Deanery or Hundreds of East and West Flegg. Few districts exceed in interest this remote corner of East Anglia. The only district comparable with it is the long blunt-headed peninsula known as the Wirral, in Cheshire, between the estuaries of the Dee and the Mersey, the handle of the pot to which that county may be roughly likened, of which the moorland Valley of Longdendale, running up between Yorkshire and Derbyshire, is the spout. And the source of interest is the same in each. Both are shown by the unmistakable evidence of local names, differing entirely in stock from those of the district around them, to have been Scandinavian settlements, the homes of Norse or Danish colonists. The attraction to each was the same: excellent harbours, and an almost insular position, which the Wirral retains, but which, through the change in the course of its sluggish boundary streams—the “Hundred river,” which forms the northern boundary, having actually reversed its course,

ἀνα ποταμῶν ἱερῶν
χωροῦσι παγὰι—

flowing now from the sea, instead of into it at Winterton—Flegg has to a considerable extent lost. The likeness in the local nomenclature of the two districts is too remarkable to be overlooked. As Mr. Isaac Taylor says, in the Wirral, an area of about twelve miles by six, “there is scarcely a single Anglo-Saxon name,” while there are no fewer than seven local names ending in the test termination *by*, including Kirby, “the church town,” and Whitby, the white town (familiar to us on the Yorkshire coast as the Danish name of the ancient Streoneshalch, the “lighthouse bay” of the Lady Hilda and Cædmon), and eight or nine other distinctly Scandinavian names, with “Thingwall” (the Icelandic “Thingvellir,” or fields of council), marking the central spot where the little colony of Northmen met in their Thing or senate to exercise their local self-government.

In the Deanery of Flegg the Scandinavian element in the local names is even more striking. We do not know whether a Norse derivation has been pointed out for Wirral, though it ought not to be far to seek. But “Flegg” is pure Scandinavian—*vflak*, Danish; *flegg*, Norse, “flat.” No epithet could be more appropriate. The whole division, some eight miles by seven, does not exhibit a single rise till you come to the “denes” or low sandhills guarding the coast. Southey, who came here to visit his friend Manning, at Ormesby, in 1798, writes of it to his wife as “a very unpromising country” which “looks as if Nature had wearied herself with adorning the rest with hill and dale, and squatted down here to rest herself. You must even suppose a very Dutch-looking Nature to have made it of such a pancake flatness.” The villages and hamlets scattered thickly over this flat but not unattractive district, with few exceptions, bear Danish names. Caister, the East Anglian representative of the “Chester” of the west and south, tells of the still earlier time when the squadrons of the Stablesian cavalry, stationed to curb the unruly Iceni at the mouth of the Yar, moved down from the fortress of Gariannonum, now Burgh Castle, that

Gray bulwark that above the marshes gray
Horizon-like along the horizon stands,
Rock-rampart huge, work worthy Roman hands,
Framed the strong Roman way,

to their *castra æstiva* on the other side of the broad estuary. Winterton and the two Somertons, with their distinctively Anglo-Saxon suffix—here, as Förstemann has shown to be the general rule with such compounds, designated from their eastern and western position—show traces of an English settlement. So do Runham and Martham, the only representatives of the countless “hams” which are found so thickly in East Anglia—Dereham, Snettisham, Fimmingham, Sandringham, and the like. The parentage of Bastwick is doubtful; but its suffix is probably the Norse “wic” or “vik”—the root of the name *Vikings* or creek-men—an inlet having run up from the Hundred river, then a wide estuary insulating the district, to the site of the village and its ruined church. “Burgh,” the reputed birthplace, certainly the possession, of John’s famous justiciar Hubert de Burgh, the stern guardian of his young sovereign Henry III., whose strong and unflinching justice was the main instrument of freeing the land from the hateful presence of Fawkes of Breauté and the foreign mercenaries, may be regarded, like its neighbour Burgh Castle, as undoubtedly of Scandinavian origin. Placed on comparatively high ground, in the centre of the district, protected by the sinuous arms of the adjacent inland lakes or “broads,” the position was well adapted for the stronghold of the settlement, to which they could retire in case of danger. The other local names admit of no question. “Repps” (in common with Northrepps and Southrepps, near Cromer, identified with the beneficent memory of Sir Fowell and Lady Buxton and Miss Anna Gurney), like the “rapes” of Sussex, carries us straight to Iceland, where the existing Poor-law districts are called “hreppar,” the whole island, Cleasby informs us, after the introduction of Christianity having been divided for the maintenance of the poor by the “hrepr” or rope, just as Rolf had roughly partitioned the ceded lands in Normandy, “terram fidelibus suis funiculo divisit.” “Thurne,” a village name occurring in the fenland of Hatfield Chase, also a Danish colony, has puzzled many etymologists, but there is little doubt that it is connected

with the Danish verb “torre,” to dry up, and indicates a piece of hard ground in the midst of a swamp—a description well suited to the Norfolk Thurne at the time of the Danish occupation. The other thirteen local names of the district prove their descent by the termination *by*. This is still the recognized Danish word for “a town,” and appears in many compounds—“by-skat,” a town-rate; “by-skriver,” a town-clerk; “by-snak,” town-talk; “by-thing,” town-court, &c. Of this termination Dr. Dasent writes in his introduction to Cleasby’s *Icelandic Dictionary*:—“It is scarcely necessary to repeat the fact now so well known that the final *by* of names of places in England is the invariable sign of Scandinavian settlement and possession. It was a local termination unknown to the Anglo-Saxons, but so common among all of the Northern races that the towns and places to which they gave it may be traced by hundreds on the map of England. Rugby is about the furthest south that we find it; but Tenby in South Wales shows that when the Northmen settled in the remotest parts of the sea coast they left their mark there as well as in the very heart of the country.”

Such an affluence of *by*s in this corner of the county will appear the more remarkable from the extreme rarity of the termination elsewhere in East Anglia. Worsae reckons no more than forty-four local names of Scandinavian origin in Norfolk, seventeen ending in *by*. A more searching investigation raises the number of *by*s to twenty-one, of which, as we have seen, thirteen are in Flegg. In Suffolk this final is not once found, and there are not a dozen local names that can be traced to Northern origin. In Flegg, as elsewhere, these names are usually compounded of some common Danish personal name, though now sometimes hardly recognizable from phonetic decay. Rollesby is Hrolfsby, the settlement of Hrolf; Ormsby, Gormsby—or more fully Guthrumsby—the settlement of Guthrum. The same law is seen in Clipshesby, Hemesby, Ashby, Stokesby, Billockby. In Scraby we recognize *skratti*, a wizard or goblin. The list of *by*s is completed by Mautby, the dowry of Dame Margaret Paston, the mother of Sir John Paston; Oby, of which Roger Bigot, ancestor of the Dukes of Norfolk, was lord; Filby, given by William the Conqueror to Rabell, the artificer who had in his charge the royal *balliste* and other military engines; Hemingby and Thrigby. Another Norse vocable appears in the low headland, notorious for shipwrecks, formerly known as “Winterton Ness,” recalling Sheerness, Dungeness, Skegness, the Naze in Essex and Norway, and many other nose-like headlands. We may observe that the wrecks off Winterton Ness and on the other parts of this dangerous coast—“statio male fida carinis”—were a recognized part of the lord’s revenue in old times. When Flegg was granted by Stephen to his nephew William, Abbot of St. Benet’s at Holme, the Prior of Norwich disputed his claim to the wrecks, which was ultimately settled by a composition—two-thirds were to go to the Abbot and one-third to the Prior. This right to wreckage was a long-standing cause of squabble. When the manor had passed through the choleric old knight Sir John Fastolf to the Paston family, we find Sir John Paston’s steward William Peacock writing, November 19, 1477, to inform his master of “a grete chylpe go to wrekkie befor Wynterton,” and how “Mastras Clere” had “sent down hyr men” to cart away “the stuff and seyth that ye gite non there,” warning his careless spendthrift lord that “there is no manor at Wynterton but yours. Lesse (lose) your ryght now, and lesse it for ever.” The men of Scroby were also giving trouble, having “fet away v or vj barell” that had “com up at Easter.” The wary steward advises that “a wyrtt of trespass” be issued against them, “or elles yt wool do you meche harm hereafter.” Quite as an afterthought, and as a matter of far less moment than the “bowstaws and waynescotte,” Peacock mentions the survivors of the wreck. “I am thre to be trobeled there for there ben v men on lyve of the chylpe.” It is pretty plain he had rather they had all been drowned. Winterton Ness has of late years changed its name to “Hume’s Head,” from a buoy placed there to mark a sandbank by the once celebrated financial reformer Joseph Hume, who lived at Burnley Hall close by, his wife’s property having been invested in the purchase of that estate. Winterton Church has been restored in memory of his son, Mr. W. B. Hume, and contains a tablet to the economist himself, who was buried at Kensal Green. Close to the tall red lighthouse, on the very point of the Ness, which warns sailors—often, alas! too late—of their dangerous proximity to the sands, stands Mrs. Hume’s house, with long stretches of hothouses and conservatories cowering under the shelter of the sandhills alive with rabbits, filled with rare orchids and ferns. Such a display of botanical treasures in the midst of sandy desolation is as agreeable as it is surprising.

But we are wandering too far from the Scandinavian settlement. The numerous “staites,” or landing-places, along the course of the rivers—almost every village has its own little inlet and wharf—have their counterparts on the other side of the German Ocean, of which the old-fashioned little fortress, Stade, at the mouth of the Elbe, where the historical “Stade dues” were formerly paid by vessels passing up and down the river, is the best known.

To pass from the land to the dwellers in it, the number of personal names which, though sometimes under strange metamorphoses, have their counterparts in the Danish and Icelandic vocabulary is no less noteworthy. As we turn over the pages of the parish registers we meet in abundance with Kettells or Kittles (some probably the descendants of one Ketil, a freeman—“liber homo”—who at the time of the Domesday survey held land at Billockby under the Bishop of Elmham), Thurtles (Thor-

Ketil, Sharpins (Sharpethin), Grimes (Grimmr), with Skoyles, Grimble, Dyballs, Thains, and many other names to be found in the census lists of Denmark or the Landnamabok of Iceland. The conclusion from these linguistic facts is irresistible. Local names spring from settled occupation. As a rule, the events recorded on the page of history leave little trace on the nomenclature of a country. It is those who live permanently in a district who feel the necessity of distinguishing the various localities from one another in their common speech, not those who pass through it merely as invaders or conquerors. If the local names in Flegg are almost exclusively Danish, while those in East Anglia generally are as exclusively Anglo-Saxon, it can only be that Flegg was the seat of an almost unmixed Danish population, while in the rest of the province the Northmen formed a comparatively small proportion of the inhabitants. The late Mr. J. M. Kemble has inferred from this scantiness of Danish place-names that the whole of East Anglia had been peopled by Saxons previously to the Danish occupation, and that after the peace of Wedmore the Danish conquerors settled down quietly side by side with the conquered Saxons, accepting their local nomenclature, and rapidly, by intermarriage, becoming fused with them. The late Mr. J. R. Green has remarked that "from the first moment of his settlement in the Danelagh the Northman had been passing into an Englishman. The settlers were few. They were scattered among a large population. In tongue, in manner, in institutions there was little to distinguish them from the men among whom they dwelt." If the Hundreds of Flegg were an exception, we must seek the cause, either in the invaders having found the district unpeopled, or—if this is unlikely, from the fertility of the soil, which is said to be pre-eminent even in a county remarkable for its agricultural wealth—from their having made a clean sweep of the whole of the inhabitants, and thus wiped out the earlier nomenclature. The latter is certainly the more probable hypothesis. No part of the coast lay so near to the home of the invaders, and few offered such conveniences for landing and mooring their keels as the long river reaches by which it was then almost insulated. We may well believe that Flegg was one of the very earliest portions of East Anglia devastated by the Danes, the earliest to witness the slaughter of its men, its women driven off to servitude or to shame, its infants tossed on their pikes, and its children sold into slavery, and the whole district left desolate for the invaders to occupy, first as a strongly-defended position to which they could retire with their booty after their devastating incursions, and ultimately as a permanent home. Ormesby, and Rollesby, and Clippeby, and the like, mark the spots where, on the division of the conquered territory, the various chieftains settled down with their followers, and, calling their lands after their own names, have left an imperishable record on the surface of the soil.

The early religious history of this corner of Norfolk is a complete blank to us. The Bishops of Thetford were large landholders here at the time of the Domesday survey. The abbots of the neighbouring great Benedictine Abbey of St. Benet's at Holme had also considerable possessions in the Deanery. The number of churches in the district was very large. At present, in common with Norfolk and Suffolk generally, it is over-churched. For a population of about nine thousand, there are no fewer than nineteen churches. This, however, does not represent the full religious provision made for the population in former times. Four of the Flegg churches are crumbling away in various stages of ruin, while some seven or eight have entirely disappeared. Not very many years ago the state of most of the churches was lamentable in the extreme—desolate, dilapidated, uncared for. Now, all or nearly all have been restored, certainly to decency, and some, of which Filby and Martham are conspicuous instances, to a high degree of decorative beauty. At Martham, where the chancel is entirely new, the expenditure has been most unstinted, and it is evident that no small amount of care and thought (some may think too much) has been devoted to the details of the work. Though Norman and Early English are not unrepresented, the architecture of the churches is generally later, as in East Anglia generally; telling of the time when in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the cloth and worsted trade was flourishing, and looms were working in almost every house. From the absence of building stone, the churches are almost entirely constructed of boulders from the seashore; the windows and dressings being in sea-borne stone. The same cause explains the frequency of round towers. Several of these towers are cylindrical below, that part being often of earlier date, with an octagonal upper stage. Of this combination the tower of Reppe, Norman below with a singularly picturesque Early English capping, is a charming example. It has been somewhat rashly asserted that this form was borrowed from Denmark. But, unfortunately for this theory, round towers are not found in that country, or in Scandinavia generally. A sufficient explanation of the adoption of that form is that stone quoins to strengthen the angles were not required. Of the lofty square steeples boldly buttressed, and destitute of pinnacles, standing up with a tall dark outline against the sky, the towers of Winterton and Martham are noble specimens. Several of the churches still retain their old coverings of reed-thatch. The appearance of this roofing to an eye unaccustomed to it is hardly ecclesiastical. But it has much to recommend it. It is very durable—lasting, it is said, when well laid, for half a century, and with a little care in mending and filling up hollows, for thirty or forty years more. No covering keeps a church so warm, and with its rich brown hue and the bright velvety greens of its mosses, it is far more beautiful to an artist's eye than the cold blue slates which are unhappily fast superseding it.

At Filby, where no expense has been spared on the restoration, the first requirement of the venerable rector was that the thatch was not to be touched. Martham, though sadly over-restored, still contains much to interest the archaeologist. The stained glass that remains is very curious. St. Michael weighs the souls of the saved against the demons. One of the latter is tumbling out of the scale, headforemost. Eve (with a modern head) sits in a blue dress mournfully plying her distaff, the sole survivor of a series of subjects from the Fall. Of a corresponding series from the Gospel history, only the Annunciation, Nativity, and Crucifixion remain, with a fragment of the Ascension, the prints of Our Lord's feet appearing on the grassy summit of Olivet. Of the nine orders of angels, all have perished but five. One inquires in vain for the altar-cloth made up of fragments of mediæval embroidery to be seen not so very long ago. The Jacobean chancel screen with its doors has also been restored away; but the old oak doors of the south porch with their rich carving and huge old clumsy wooden lock are still in their place, as well as a remarkable poppy-head carved with a bell and Ave Maria. The octagonal font, bearing the Seven Sacraments and the Last Judgment, is a fine example of the type so frequent in East Anglia. The lonely church of West Somerton, looking out over the gloomy flats from its rising ground with hardly a house near, the whole population having drifted down towards the sea, deserves to be visited for the very interesting and well-designed frescoes which have come to light from under the whitewash. As usual, St. Christopher faces the door of entrance. Beyond him is the Last Judgment, with Our Lord's Resurrection opposite. These paintings are coarse in execution, but the drawing is much better than we commonly find. The churchyard offers a much more generally attractive object in the grave of Robert Hales (d. 1865), "the Norfolk giant," whose height, as recorded on the tomb "erected by his affectionate widow," was "7 ft. 8 in." Clippeby, with its two Norman doors; Thurne, dedicated, like Caister, to St. Edmund, King and Martyr, the popular East Anglian saint (the first Church preferment of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity, father of the Bishops of Lincoln and St. Andrews, given him in 1804 by his patron, Archbishop Manners Sutton, then Bishop of Norwich), with its fine fourteenth-century bell, the work of William of Norwich, bearing the legend, "Edmundi nomen constat, cui det deus omen"; Burgh St. Margaret's, with its fragments of Norman work and very pretty quatrefoiled ventilating holes under the windows—indeed, all the churches of Flegg will reward a visit, but we have not space to particularize them.

We must not conclude without reminding our readers that Flegg is identified with the Paston Letters, many of the most interesting of which were written from Mautby, presenting many curious pictures of the villages and their inhabitants during the Wars of the Roses, from the miseries of which this far-away corner was happily exempt. John Paston's wife, Margaret, as we have said, was the heiress of Mautby; here she spent the greater part of her life; hence most of her racy, vigorous letters are dated, and in its church she lies buried "with the bodies of myn auncetres in the ele before the ymage of our Lady," which said aisle she desired should be new roofed, leaded, glazed, and heightened, and a chantry established there at which "an honest secular" might offer masses for her and her husband's souls. Margaret Paston's letters are delightful reading. They are those of a woman of great shrewdness, of no small force of character, and of a truly affectionate disposition. Whether she expresses her desire to have her husband at home that she might "look to his sore," which would be better to her than a new gown, "though it were of scarlet"; or desires her son to "make much of the parson of Filby," by whom she sends her letter, and "make hym good chere yf ye may"; or laments the difficulty of finding tenants for her "londys," and begs her husband to grant her "ruschys and windfal wode," the tenants being "so pore" that they cannot repair their own "houys"; or recommends to him for the vacant living, "Sir Thomas Lyndes, a rit prestly man vertuously disposyd," who "wude kepe a housolde and repare the place," and be "rulyd and gydyt" by him in all things—a request, we may remark, to which Paston seems to have paid little heed; or laments the prevalence of the pestilence ("much mortality at Fylby, Ormesby, and Scroby," "we levyn in fere, but we wot not gwether to fle for to be better than ever been here"; or begs her son to bring her "suger and dates" and other groceries from London, and let her know the price per lb. of "peppyr, clowys, rys, galengal &c."; or arranges for the marriages of her sons and daughters, very little power of choice being allowed to the latter—we see the true wife and mother, with a keen eye to business and the interests of her family, but, as Mr. Gairdner remarks, "with the genuine womanly nature bursting out whenever there is occasion to call it forth." The volumes of the "Paston Letters" should be the companions of all visitors to the Flegg Hundreds, and should be read among the scenes where they were written.

We cannot now speak of Caister Castle, where the tall cylindrical tower reflected in the waters of the moat, and the shattered walls of the great hall, alone remain to tell of the magnificence of the mansion erected by the historic Sir John Fastolf. There, after wasting a great portion of his estate in the French wars as a soldier of fortune, sharing in the glories of Harfleur, Agincourt, and Verneuil, and the disgrace and flight of Pataye, receiving the Garter for his share in the taking of Granville, and having restored his impoverished fortune out of the ransom of the Duke of Alençon, in whose capture he took a leading part, he spent the evening of his days, with the renowned William Worcester as

his secretary, quarrelling with his neighbours, grinding his dependents ("cruel and vengable he hath ever been," says his own servant, Henry Windsor, "and for the most part without pity or mercy"), threatening all who "dare be so hardy as to kick against his right" that they should be "requited by Blackbeard or Whitebeard, that ys to say, by God or the Devyll"—"counting over," writes Mr. Gairdner, "the items of a number of unsettled claims he had against the Crown, and meditating also, it would seem, on another account he had with Heaven." But Caister Castle and its fortunes—its siege by the Duke of Norfolk, who claimed it as Sir John's gift to him; its brave defence by John Paston; its final surrender, and its ultimate recovery after the Duke's death in 1475; its abandonment by the Pastons, and its final dismantling and ruin, may well supply a subject for a separate article.

RISE OF THE BANK RATE.

THE management of the Bank of England during the past few months has been somewhat less far-seeing than it usually is. In the first quarter of the calendar year, which, as our readers will recollect, is the last quarter of the financial year, an inordinately large proportion of the taxes is collected, with the result that the Bank of England accumulates an enormous amount of Government deposits, and thus has a larger proportion of the loanable capital of the country at its disposal than at any other time of the year. In the language of the City, the Bank then usually has the command of the money market. As it happened, too, various circumstances had this year concurred to strengthen this command over the market, so that the Bank was able, practically as well as theoretically, to fix the rate of discount. The Directors ought, we think, to have been very careful to keep the rate as high as possible for a special reason. Ever since the revival of business in the United States four years ago there has been a great export of gold from Europe to America. In the panic at the beginning of last year the Bank of France replenished its stock of the metal, which previously had been greatly drained by the export to the United States. But the Bank of England has never been able to make up for its own loss at that time. When, therefore, it got the command of the market a few months ago, it ought to have seized the opportunity to collect as large an amount of gold as it could. And this policy was the more imperative because it was easy to see that a new export to the United States was impending, if not prudently provided against. All through March there was a great scarcity of loanable capital in the United States, and the rates of interest charged rose to what would in London be considered panic height. For some months before it was seen that this was likely to happen, and when this did happen an export of gold to New York was sure to set in, unless measures were taken in London to prevent it. Yet, with all this before the eyes of the Directors, they reduced their rate of discount gradually to 3 per cent., and the result was that in March an export of gold to New York set in. This was followed by an export to the Netherlands, the Government of that country having raised a foreign loan and taken the larger part of it in gold. And thus the Bank of England, with an exceptionally small stock of gold, allowed itself to be stripped of a portion of that little. When it had done this, it came down upon the bill-brokers in the manner we pointed out a fortnight ago, and by so doing it forced the rate of discount in the open market up to the Bank level, and thus once more recovered the command of the market. After this, an advance of its rate of discount to 4 per cent. was a logical and indeed an almost unavoidable step.

Owing to the causes thus described, the course of the money market has been very different from what appeared likely a few months ago. It was always clear, indeed, that a rise of the rate of discount later in the year would become necessary; but a rise now, when trade is slack, and needs all the encouragement it can derive from cheap money, would not have been requisite but for the previous mistakes committed by the Directors. However, those mistakes having been committed, it is probable that they have done the best they could under the circumstances. The probability is that the rise of the rate will strengthen the Bank, and thus lessen, if not prevent, the otherwise inevitable stringency in the autumn. The whole stock of gold now held by the Bank is only 20½ millions, against 26½ millions two years ago, and over 28 millions three years ago. This is a sum very much smaller than the Bank ought to keep, and the fact necessarily produces a feeling of uneasiness in the City. It has been foreseen that, with so small a stock of gold, a dear money market is almost inevitable in the autumn. Last winter was exceptionally wet, and consequently the area sown with winter wheat was smaller than usual. However favourable therefore the present year may be, it is reasonably certain that the production of wheat will be smaller than usual, and consequently that there will be needed a larger import in the autumn. A larger import of wheat means of course that foreign countries, and more particularly the United States, will be able, if they choose, to take gold in payment. With this danger hanging over the market, and with an exceptionally small stock of gold held by the Bank of England, a dear money market was seen to be not improbable. It is, however, now possible that, with the rise in the Bank rate, the stringency by and by will be less than it otherwise would be. The Bank rate in Paris is only 3 per cent.; in Brussels only 3½ per cent.; and in Berlin, Amsterdam, and Vienna 4 per cent.; while

the rates in the outside markets in Continental cities are lower than the rate in the outside market in London. Consequently the step now taken by the Bank of England makes the interest payable for the use of loanable capital in London higher than that payable elsewhere in Europe, and it therefore offers an inducement to capitalists all over Europe to remit capital to London for the sake of the higher interest it bears. In the same way, it offers an inducement to capitalists all over the country to send up gold from the provinces when it can be spared for use in London. In these ways it tends to increase the stock of gold held by the Bank of England. On the other hand, it puts a stop to exports of gold, or at least tends to do so. Beside the shipments to New York and Holland of which we have already spoken, small sums have from time to time been sent abroad to various other destinations, and the tendency of the step taken by the Bank of England in increasing the interest payable for the use of loanable capital in London is to induce all foreigners who have money in London to leave it here for the sake of the higher interest it bears. In both these ways the action of the Bank of England tends to increase the stock of gold held by the Bank, and therefore to augment its reserve. This stock just now is exceptionally small, because in the month of May the Scotch bank-note circulation always increases from half a million to three-quarters of a million, and the Scotch banks are obliged to hold an equivalent amount of gold as security against this increased circulation. They take this gold from the Bank of England, and as soon as their circulation diminishes again, which will be at the end of the month, they send it back. The rise of the Bank rate in London will induce them to hasten the return of the gold for the sake of the interest it bears, and also to send back every penny they can spare from their own special use. So far, then, as the immediate future is concerned, the tendency of the step taken by the Directors of the Bank of England is to increase their reserve, and thus to prepare for a cheaper money market by and by.

And the ultimate tendency is somewhat similar. Strong fears have been felt in the United States that in the autumn there would be a crisis, if not an actual panic, owing to the scarcity of loanable capital. As we remarked above, all through March the reserves of the New York banks were below the minimum they are required by law to keep, and in consequence the rate of interest rose very high, almost to a prohibitive point. Moreover, the banks were a long time before they restored their reserves. It came to be feared, therefore, that the experience of 1873 was about to be repeated. Then money became very scarce and very dear in the spring, and this was followed in the autumn by a panic. In 1873, however, the dearth of money continued in New York all through the summer, while this year it has already ceased. The New York banks have not only replenished their reserves to the legal point, but they hold a million sterling more; and the interest payable for the use of loanable capital has fallen below London rates. The money market in New York, therefore, is actually easier at the present time than the London money market. It would seem that the stringency in March was due partly to the very large crops of wheat and cotton last year, and to the large amounts of capital required to move the crops, as the Americans say—that is, to send them to market and to export them—and partly to the late and unfavourable spring, which has protracted farming operations longer than usual. Gold, therefore, has not returned to New York as quickly as it commonly does in other years. But, now that all this is at an end, the New York money market is again easier. Whether there will be a crisis in the autumn is, of course, impossible to predict, or whether the market will again become exceptionally stringent. But, at any rate, the analogy with the circumstances of 1873 is less close than it appeared a little while ago, and therefore the extreme danger which so many people anticipated is not probable. In the meantime, whatever may happen in New York, if the Bank of England now replenishes its stock of gold, it will be better able to meet the demands upon it in the autumn. If it had gone on with only 20 or 21 millions in gold until September, and if then a great demand arose in New York, we might see rates raised here almost as much as in 1873. But if during the slack months now before us gold is attracted from all the quarters whence it can be spared, the Bank of England will be able to meet the demands upon it with less strain. Another favourable circumstance is that the Bank of France holds an exceptionally large amount of gold—about 40 millions sterling. It replenished its stock at the time of the Bourse panic at the beginning of last year, and it has never allowed it to run low since. If therefore there should be a crisis in New York, the demand in the first place would no doubt fall upon the Bank of England; but the Bank of England would be able to draw upon the Bank of France, and thus to prevent the strain from becoming too great.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.—III.

IF the Hanging Committee had been at liberty to arrange the pictures of the year on sound artistic principles and according to their merits, it would no doubt have given eight-tenths or more of the line to be divided between the portraits and the landscapes. The Academy is wholly devoted, as we know from the after-dinner speeches of its members, to the true interests of British art. It would never allow trumpery superstitions about the relative dignity of different branches of painting to influence its judg-

ment. Of its own free will it would look, not to what the picture is about, but to how it is done. But unhappily the Academy is not at liberty to follow its virtuous inclinations. Like other persons who charge a shilling at the door, the guardians of British art must think of the taste of those who pay the shilling. Now what they like are nice little fables with a very obvious moral. They want to see somebody—a child or pretty young woman by preference—doing something. Consequently, when the Hanging Committee have to choose between skying a landscape or some perfectly insipid genre picture, it is the former which mounts up almost out of sight. If half the pictures on the line were made to change places with the studies of nature hanging above them, the gain to the Exhibition—to its artistic worth, we mean—would be incalculable. But it is useless to dream about Academic Utopias. Since it is as it is, we can only be thankful that so many good landscapes do get hung where they can be seen. There are not so many as there should be, but time was when the proportion would have been even smaller. The landscapes in this year's Academy, like the Exhibition in general, are more remarkable for a certain uniform honesty of workmanship than for the merit of particular pictures. There are few among them which will be remembered. To a very great extent this is less due to any loss of power in the painters than to the fact that they repeat themselves, even to the minutest detail. The artist whose work cannot be recognized by certain qualities of workmanship is a mere copyist no doubt. Nobody asks any painter to change his whole method between one spring and another. He is not wanted to jump off his own shadow. But he may reasonably be required not to paint exactly the same things in exactly the same light year after year. "A man would die," as we know on good authority, "though he were neither valiant nor miserable, only upon a weariness to do the same thing so oft over and over." Now it is not on record that anybody ever died upon a weariness to see the same kind of picture, but our admiration becomes languid. When we have said that Mr. Davis's Highland cattle and heather and sunlight are very striking for twenty times the repetition becomes tedious. We cannot be expected to remain always brimful of admiration for Mr. Ernest Parton, who ever since we knew him and whenever or wherever we have seen him has painted the same autumn trees, the same brown pools, and the same fallen leaves. Even Mr. Brett shows us nothing new, though his world belongs to himself alone and has an extraordinary beauty. And the worst of it is that other painters begin to look at nature in the same way as these successful men. It would be easy to make a list of a hundred landscapes now being exhibited, and for the most part honestly and carefully painted, which might be described as after the manner of A or of B.

The most generally admired works of the class with which we are now dealing in the First Gallery are the two pictures of sea and coast by Mr. Hook—"Catching a Mermaid" (28) and "Love Lightens Toil" (36). Neither in our opinion is quite worthy of the painter's reputation. The sea is lifeless and opaque in both. But it is almost needless to say that they show an independent study of nature which distinguishes them widely from such a picture as Mr. Walter's "Tide on the Turn" (22), a reminiscence of a hundred oleographs. Over Mr. Hook's pictures hangs what may possibly be a vigorous piece of work. It is a Highland scene, the "Coire na Faireamh" (32), by Mr. W. Beattie Brown. The Coire na Faireamh, says the Catalogue, with a certain irony, is "a high place where watch was kept," and the humorous Hanging Committee have hung it as high as Ben Nevis. "After Rain" (33), by Mr. A. Glendenning, jun., is a fine study of a wet Scotch landscape, remarkable for the painting of the long ranks of clouds. "When summer leaves are flown" (61), by Mr. Townshend, is one of those honestly painted autumn scenes of which there are scores in the Academy and Grosvenor. We have spoken of Mr. Goodwin's "Enchanted Lake" (83), an illustration of the *Arabian Nights*. It is fantastic and striking; but even in fairyland we cannot believe that a lake would remain long at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Mr. Rouse's "Far from the busy hum of men" (90) is a very loosely-painted piece of work. The rushes in the foreground might be made of green cloth. And what is the meaning of the name? The habit of putting poetical-looking lines and scraps of verse to pictures instead of names is carried to a ridiculous extent in our galleries. The "Parting Day" of Mr. Leader (98) is a sunset which verges on being gaudy. Almost any amount of light may be seen at that hour in the sky, but it does not necessarily look well on canvas. The unity of colour is broken by the houses and water in front, which stand out too clear, and cool, and pale against the flush of yellow over the sky. "Green Pastures and Still Waters" (508), by the same artist—a fine quiet study of nature—is a better example of his work, and so is 1471, "An Autumn Evening." In the Second Gallery Mr. Bryan Hook has a singularly honest study of "Marsh and Moorland" (124), which will probably be less admired than it should be, for it hangs too near Mr. Brett's "These Yellow Sands" (142), a perfectly marvellous study of a long stretch of ribbed sand, broken by masses of rock, with a sparkling sea beyond. "Welsh Dragons" (809), Mr. Brett's other picture, is a less successful effort. The cliffs are striped with colours till they look like gems, and the whole canvas has a little the look of the work of a pupil who has pushed his master's method too far. No. 157, "Corrie, Isle of Arran," by Mr. MacWhirter, is a fine piece of wet Scotch coast, with a cold sea beyond, much more pleasant, though not more true, than the intense crimson and deep shadows of his "Sunset Fires" (164).

Mr. McLachlan's "In the Border Country" (169) is covered with a yellow light, which may also be true to nature, but has very much the appearance of being a conscious imitation of an old picture. No landscape in the Academy is more impressive than the "Llyn-yr-Adar" of Mr. Oakes (255), a ring of wild Welsh rock round a gloomy-looking pool, all covered by torn curtains of mist. If there is not a wild legend told about the "Adder's Pool" there ought to be. The same artist's "Salmon River" (376) shows the milder aspects of Welsh scenery with no less skill. Mr. Shaw is less happy than usual in his "Rising Gale" (282). The tumbling mass of wave seems a trifle woolly. It has not the shine and the mobility of water, but the picture is so indifferently hung that it cannot be fairly judged. The picture of "Windsor" (297), by Mr. Vicat Cole—another addition to his series of the Thames—should, to be thoroughly appreciated, be hung beside the large landscape on the same subject by Mr. Halswelle which is in the Grosvenor. They are alike admirable and yet widely different. Of Mr. Halswelle's picture we shall speak further on. Mr. Cole shows the Castle wrapped in a warm summer haze, and his canvas is full of the richest and most harmonious colour. Mr. Graham is very poorly represented in the Academy, and of his two pictures—"A Quiet Noon" (86) and "A Lonely Shore" (354)—the latter is not the best, which is particularly unfortunate, as it hangs in the immediate neighbourhood of so much good work. "Under the Beeches, Malvern" (364), by Mr. Bates, has some excellent painting of trees, but the snow which covers the ground is less successful. Of 398, "Ben Eay," by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, what is there to say except that it is just like his other pictures of Highland scenery, no worse but also not different, and as much may be said for the two other pictures he sends, "The Orkney Islands, from Caithness," by Mr. Burt (490), shows a well-painted stretch of heather, with rocky cliffs beyond. The picture (688) which Mr. Halswelle has named by three lines from the *Lady of Shalott*—including a misquotation—is a fine piece of river-painting, in the cool neutral tints he particularly affects. Mr. Mark Fisher is well represented by 730, "Early Summer, Sussex," a placid English countryside.

Before leaving the landscapes of the Academy we call attention to Mr. Colin Hunter's "Pebbled Shore" (1509). It is a singularly bold and effective picture, showing a line of wave tipped with foam, and a mass of blue land rising beyond. The artist has not been wholly successful in dealing with the moonlight in which he has painted the scene, and the foam on his waves is wanting in sparkle and lightness, but the general effect of the work is good.

The first picture which calls for notice from us at present in the Grosvenor is "The Old Wellesley" (7), by Mr. G. E. Holloway. It is the portrait of an old liner turned into a receiving ship and anchored near the shore. The painting of the water and of the cloudy evening sky has not the attraction of prettiness. The prevailing colours are grey and yellow broken by the black hull of the ship. But, if it is not pretty, it is both firm and true. The same artist sends a vigorous piece of sea-painting called "The Mouth of the Harbour" (61). Here, too, the water is yellow, of that sandy colour often seen near shore in rough weather. There is movement and swing in the waves. We prefer to consider Mr. Hennessey's "Pastoral" (12) as a landscape, although it contains the figures of a shepherdess, her sheep, and her dog. The figures are good in drawing, and the shepherdess very graceful without any affectation of refinement; but the charm of the picture is mainly due to the cool landscape, which is full of silvery evening haze. No. 18 is another autumn scene by Mr. Parton, to which he has put by way of name two lines of inappropriate quotation from Gray's *Elegy*. Mr. Parsons has followed the same annoying custom with his picture (33), which represents a monotonously green and wet-looking garden. Wet greens are Mr. Parsons's speciality, and we find them again in "The Gladness of May" (51). "The Deserted Pond" (36), by Sir Robert Collier, is a charming piece of woodland scenery. A smooth pool reflects a row of trees, through which break the level rays of the setting sun. The colour is rich and the drawing firm. "In Spate" (48), by J. Smart, is one of those rough and bold bits of mountain landscape which Scotch painters affect. A little beyond it hangs what is in our opinion the finest landscape of the year—Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Royal Windsor" (56). It is shown, as Mr. Halswelle prefers to show English scenery, in a cool, grey, spring light. The Castle is seen from the side across the white river, which gives the tone to the picture. But, although Mr. Halswelle prefers neutral tints, he does not use his hazes as a screen to bad drawing. His draughtsmanship is perfectly firm. Mr. McLachlan's "Summer Night" (66) reproduces the prevailing tint of his pictures in the Academy, which is one more reason to our mind for believing that it has not been studied from nature. The "Early Summer" of Mr. North (76) is in every way superior, a sound and firm piece of work. Mr. Fahey's two studies of a Norfolk Reach—"On the Yare (Evening)" (95) and "On the Yare (Midday)" (112)—are two fine studies of water and trees shown in entirely different lights; the one full and pure daylight, and the other rich and tinted sunset. Close at hand we find the very opposite of such work in the mere clatter of Mr. Whistler, 111 and 115, nocturnes both. Better painting is to be seen among the ex-votos of any seaport town in a Roman Catholic country. A glance at Mr. Poynter's "Dover Castle" (122), not in any way a notable work, will be enough before passing into the East Gallery. In this latter we find a painting of waves by Mr. H. Moore, "Tide Race in a Summer Breeze" (146), which shows

solid and glassy water as we have ever seen on canvas. Close by it is one of Mr. Mark Fisher's familiar landscapes with cattle, "An Upland Pasture" (147). It is one of four sent to the Grosvenor by the same artist. The three others are called "When Autumn Woods grow Sere" (207), "Early October" (225), and "Evening" (238), all careful studies of the rich English landscape which is to be found anywhere within an hour's train round London. Although Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Netting Granchios" (193) is neither landscape nor "seascape," we may call attention to the fine and transparent painting of his water. "A Yorkshire Moor," by Mr. Orrocks, is a study of heath and distant hill, rich in colour but a little heavy. In the Third Room hangs Mr. Parton's "On the Banks of the Llugwy" (232), a small and finished canvas. With Mr. Parton's picture we may take leave of the landscapes in the Grosvenor. There is much among the pictures we have not named of good honest journeyman work, and a certain amount, but not much, of downright daubing; but towards both the most judicious attitude for the critic is complete indifference. There may be some good work which we have overlooked. If so, we hope that at least part of the sin may be laid to the account of the astounding fecundity of the English landscape school.

CONCERTS.

IF the first two concerts which have already been given under the lead of Herr Hans Richter may be considered as specimens of what we may look forward to in the coming seven that are announced, we may safely predict that pleasure of no ordinary kind is in store for those who value and appreciate really good music. In one respect these concerts are to be highly commended; for, instead of following the unhappy custom of most concert-givers in England, who seem to think that a concert can hardly be too long, and perhaps also that it is praiseworthy to give as much as can be given for the money taken at the doors, Herr Richter has in each case strictly limited the duration of his programme to two hours, and in one case indeed to somewhat under that time, whereby he has added an additional charm to his already charming concerts, and we sincerely hope that his excellent example may bear fruit, and that others will follow in his steps. As might have been expected, the first concert was devoted to the works of Herr Richard Wagner, the conductor's friend, for whom he has done so much in the way of making his music known and appreciated. As far as we in England are concerned, there is no doubt that Herr Wagner owes much to the conducting of Herr Richter, upon whose marvellous power of interpreting to his audience the meaning of the master whose work he has in hand we have often dwelt. At the "In Memoriam" concerts this gift might be said to have been conspicuously exercised; for, with perhaps one inconsiderable exception, the performance was almost faultless, and this, when we look at the programme, is perhaps the highest praise that can be given to it. Nevertheless, a concert all Wagner—for so it was as far as the first part was concerned, and the second part only consisted of Beethoven's O Minor Symphony—is to our mind somewhat injudicious. As a writer for the concert-stage Herr Wagner never intended to pose, though it is true he wrote some few pieces avowedly for performance thereon. It will be conceded that certainly his genius, whatever else it may be considered by some, was purely dramatic; that in drama, and especially in that class of drama which he may be said to have created, he excelled, and that by far the greater part of his music was written with a view to representation on the dramatic as opposed to the concert stage. From what he himself has told the world also, it is evident that his intention was that his music should not be heard except in conjunction with its dramatic surroundings and with all those accessories of scenic effect and action which he, during his lifetime, so much insisted upon as necessary to a true rendering of his works. To popularize Herr Wagner's music, or rather perhaps we should say to make his music known, it became advisable to perform such parts of it as were purely instrumental on the concert-stage; and, while it seemed almost impossible to the public to hope for a dramatic representation, this mode of bringing it before them was at once justifiable and necessary. Since the performances of Herr Wagner's operas last season, however, these considerations have in a great measure lost their effect; and to our mind at least the endeavour to present his music to the public in the fragmentary form in which it was formerly presented has now become almost useless. We are not indiscriminate champions of the Wagnerian method, but we feel that an injury is being done to his cause by those over-enthusiastic admirers of his who, after having heard the complete works of the master, still tolerate such—we were almost about to say incongruous—mixtures as the "Vorspiel" and "Liebestod" of *Tristan und Isolde* and the "Vorspiel" and Venusberg music of *Tannhäuser*. Even the "Trauer-Marsch" from the *Götterdämmerung* seems to suffer from the want of scenic effects, in spite of what the writer of the inevitable analytical programme can do for it. That Herr Wagner can write and has written for the concert-stage was shown at the concert we are now considering, for "A Faust Overture" stood out as a really wonderful specimen of that kind of work. It is all very well to say that nine-tenths of the ordinary concerts are made up of excerpts from the operas of the day, but in the case of Herr Wagner it

is very different. He has, as we have said, insisted that his music shall be heard with its legitimate surroundings, with action, scenic effect, and poetry; and it is now the duty of his admirers to strive to give effect to his wishes, and not to be content with such compromises as we have above referred to, and at least to banish them from the concert-stage as useless now that they have served their purpose.

The first part of the "In Memoriam" concert opened with "A Faust Overture," one of the few pieces, as we have said, that Herr Wagner wrote for the concert-stage, the beauty of which shows that, when he wished so to do, he could write as well for the one stage as for the other. The overture is not intended as a prelude to any acting version of *Faust*, but rather as indicative of the meaning of the last line of the quotation which the composer has chosen from Goethe's *Faust*, "Der Tod erwünscht, das Leben mir verhasst"—a sentiment which was not unnatural to the composer, considering that this work was written in 1840, when he was in a miserable state of dejection in Paris, and rewritten in 1855, when he was in exile at Zürich. In spite, however, of the despair which speaks out of it, the work is by no means gloomy, and the end is full of a peaceful joy which strongly expresses the hope which always sustained Herr Wagner that at length his work would be acknowledged if only he honestly persevered in it. The remarkable way in which he employs the oboe in the mournful wail which occurs frequently is highly artistic, and, we think, is almost comparable to the way in which Beethoven has used the flute in his rendering of Goethe's "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt" to indicate the words "In der ungeheuern Weite." To this succeeded the "Vorspiel" to *Parsifal*, which hardly commanded the attention it deserved, considering the exceptionally fine performance of the orchestra—a fact which may be accounted for in many ways, but principally perhaps on account of its being a hitherto unfamiliar work as compared to the rest of the programme. The "Vorspiel" and Isolde's "Liebestod," however, were enthusiastically acknowledged, as the performance deserved, irrespectively of the fact that it is one of those compromises (as arranged for concert use, the analyst calls it) which we have spoken of above, and the first part came to a close with a really fine rendering of the "Trauer-Marsch" of Siegfried from the *Götterdämmerung*. In performing this masterpiece Herr Richter's conducting was really remarkable even for him. The way in which he indicated the entrance of the various motives (no less than ten) was a triumph of the art of conducting, which he has certainly developed in a very high degree. The second part consisted only of the Symphony No. 5 in O Minor by Beethoven, which was rendered by Herr Richter's orchestra in a manner almost faultless and quite up to the high standard for which it has now made itself famous. A rather amusing incident occurred at this concert. Just as the first note of the Siegfried "Trauer-Marsch" was struck, Herr Richter raised his hand and stopped its further performance, while the clock of St. James's, Piccadilly, which has so often done its best to destroy the effect of a slow movement at the Monday Popular Concerts, in the solemn silence of the audience, leisurely struck nine o'clock, after which Herr Richter, with equal solemnity, resumed his baton, and conducted the "Trauer-Marsch" without the unwelcome accompaniment.

The second concert began with Beethoven's ever-welcome Overture to *Coriolan*, a worthless five-act tragedy by Herr von Collin, to which the great composer was induced to write the music. There is little doubt, as Dr. Grove points out, that Beethoven's inspiration in this great work was not drawn from the tragedy for which he was writing, but we may be at least grateful to Herr von Collin for having been the means of procuring for posterity so grand a work. A concerto for violin and orchestra by Johannes Brahms followed, and the soloist was M. Gospodin Adolf Brodsky. In the first movement M. Gospodin Brodsky, whether from nervousness or what we know not, seemed to us to accomplish the marvellous feat of playing a trifle "sharp," which had a somewhat unpleasant effect; but this was not continued in the second and third movements, in which he showed a great command over his instrument, albeit there seemed a want of artistic refinement necessary to the work he had in hand. We confess that the work is not one that interests us much, although the last movement goes far to relieve the otherwise dead level of musicianly learnedness. To this succeeded the overture and New Venusberg music (as arranged for concert use) from the *Tannhäuser*. This is, to our mind, a most pitiable specimen of compromise; for not only has it been arranged for concert use, but it has been, according to the analyst, "remodelled to meet the requirements of the Paris Opera House, at which a *ballet d'action* is regarded as a *sine quâ non*." The same authority, evidently feeling himself at a loss to explain Herr Wagner's strange inconsistency in remodelling his work for the purpose indicated, acknowledges that "Musically, so far as the overture is concerned, the loss is great, but dramatically the opera gains by the change." This is exactly what we complain of, and we venture to go further than the analyst, for we say that musically, not only as far as the overture is concerned, but as far as the whole piece (as arranged for concert use) is concerned, it is absolutely destructive of artistic unity, since it has neither beginning, middle, nor end, and further as it is not accompanied by its dramatic accessories on the concert-stage, there is no compensating gain whatever to console ourselves withal. In fact, it may be called a strange jumble of two good things, much to the detriment of each. By way of refreshment to one's wearied attention, Miss Orridge's remarkably

effective rendering of the lovely "Che farò" from Gluck's *Orfeo* followed and brought the first part of the concert to a close. Joachim Raff's Symphony "Im Walde" was selected to form the second part, and although we have heard this work performed more than once before, we can safely say that we have never heard it better performed than on this occasion. The first two movements we are inclined to think are more original than the last, although we must own that Herr Richter disclosed one or two points that we had hitherto missed, which tend to prove Raff a musician of the highest rank. Of Herr Richter's orchestra we cannot speak too highly, and we consider it praise enough to say that it is one which is worthy of its great conductor.

Messrs. Austin and Watts's concert at the Albert Hall was chiefly remarkable for the assemblage of eminent artists which met there. Besides Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in especially good voice, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, and Mme. Trebelli, Mme. Christine Nilsson made her first appearance after her tour in America. The reception that the great prima donna was accorded must have been gratifying even to her, and she showed her appreciation of it by the way in which she sang the songs allotted to her. After the Jewel Song in *Faust*, which she sang with all the beauty that she is wont to give it, Mme. Nilsson sang Schubert's lovely "Serenade" as an encore, and later on with Mme. Trebelli in "La luna immobile" from *Mefistofele*, and in "Connaiss-tu le pays," she showed that her genius had lost nothing of its force. Mr. Sims Reeves was heard in "The Message," "Come into the garden, Maud," after which he gave "My pretty Jane" as he alone can sing it, and in Brahms's "All's Well" with Mr. Santley. The last artist sang Miss Maude White's "The Devout Lover" really exquisitely, and also contributed, besides the above-mentioned duet, an admirably humorous rendering of the "Vicar of Bray." As the opening to the second part a "Caprice Concertante," by W. Coenen, was performed for the first time in London, of which it is sufficient to say that it required eight pianofortes and sixteen performers thereon to accomplish it. The Band of the 2nd Life Guards represented the orchestra.

THE ROYCE BENEFIT.

MR. E. W. ROYCE has long been known to the public as a dancer of admirable neatness and agility and as a clever and valuable actor. Illness has of late disabled him from following his profession, at all events for a time, and his case, which is one of exceptional ill-fortune, has naturally awakened much commiseration. This, we are glad to say, has taken a shape both pleasant and practical. To begin with, a considerable sum was subscribed for the actor, 50*l.* being given from the Royal Bounty Fund, and donations of equal moment accruing from other sources; and on the afternoon of Tuesday last a benefit performance was given at the Gaiety, the disabled actor's old theatre, and the scene of his many successes. When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity, we know, is wonderful. The present was a case in point. Everybody had volunteered assistance of some sort; and the result was a programme of prodigious length and variety. It began at half-past one, and was not exhausted before half-past five. It included a farce, a burlesque, an elaborate set-scene from a popular melodrama, a selection in costume from a popular comic opera, an act of one of Mr. Hollingshead's most ambitious extravaganzas, a lecture, a musical sketch, a ballad, a topical song, a number of recitations, and an address *ad hoc* well spoken by Mr. Edward Terry. It proved the popularity of the *bénéficiaire*, and it occasioned the display of a great deal of good feeling on the part of the public and the profession. But there was, it must be owned, an intolerable deal too much of it. There was a certain tediousness even in its variety; and, long before it was played out, one could not but feel that it might have been better arranged, and that certain items might with profit have been omitted. In justice to those responsible for its production, we must add that this was by no means the opinion of the general public. They redemanded everything they could; and only too often were their pleas admitted, only too often was their eloquence successful. They obliged Miss Florence St. John to repeat her song; they would have liked to see Mr. Toole, after *Trying a Magistrate*, endeavouring to catch the Speaker's eye, or indulging in *A Horrible Tale*; one hearing of the well-worn trio and quintette from *Patience*—

I shall have to be contented
With their heartfelt sympathy—

was not enough for them; they would cheerfully have taken the burlesque twice over; they recalled even Mr. Paulton. Seldom or never has the "encore nuisance" seemed more utterly inhuman and abominable; seldom or never has the immorality of repetitions appeared to stand so flagrantly in need of legislation.

In a scene from *The Silver King*—the second of the fourth act—Miss Eastlake had some excellent intonations, and produced, at the climax of the situation, a genuine effect which was a little spoiled by certain touches of staginess in the set of gestures by which it was accentuated; while Mr. Wilson Barrett repeated the performance which he has now so often given on the boards of his own theatre. In *Good for Nothing* Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Conway, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Arthur Cecil—as Henry, Nan, Charley, Young Mr. Simpson, and Tom Dibbles respectively—gave a refined and rather colourless rendering of the humours of low life—of low life translated to the drawing-

room, as in a sketch of Mr. Du Maurier or a chapter by Mr. Henry James. It was curious to see Mr. Cecil in the moleskins of the virtuous mechanic, and Mr. Bancroft in the grime and whiskers peculiar to the British engine-driver; while Mr. Conway, in a slop and a Cockney accent, presented a spectacle that went near to being affecting. Mr. Kemble, in a round jacket and a tall hat, was really excellent as the hobbledehoy Simpson; while Mrs. Bancroft as Nan, the Good for Nothing, repeated a clever performance which has been often described. Of Mr. Matthison's *More Than Ever*, in some ways the most interesting experience of the afternoon, there is more to be said. It was placed first on the bill, and it began at an hour when all the world was at lunch; so that it was played, amid some noise of coming and going, to a house not touched with enthusiasm. It deserved a better fate. Its story is a curious one. It was produced some months ago at a Gaiety *matinée*, when it was capitally played by Miss Bella Howard, and by Messrs. Monkhouse, Wyatt, Squire, and Henley, and achieved immediate and complete success. Then, however, it was translated to the Court, where it was played by Miss Marion Terry, and by Messrs. Clayton, Anson, Cecil, and Dove, and where it failed to please. The reason is not far to seek. At the Gaiety *More Than Ever* was played with perfect seriousness, a good deal of cleverness, and a complete understanding of the method to be adopted and the means to be employed. At the Court the actors did not quite see what was wanted. They were loth to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, and they attempted a new reading. They were curious and subtle where they should have been vigorous and conventional; they interpreted as rather elegant comedy what was really grotesque and violent melodrama; they were careful to elaborate and refine (the piece was written up for them and spoiled), but they did their work without heart and without faith. On Tuesday, restored to its original interpreters and reduced to its original proportions, the piece proved irresistible as ever.

Mr. Matthison's burlesque is not that of Messrs. Byron and Burnand or that of Mr. Gilbert either. Its scheme is that of the great burlesque *Tom Thumb*. There are not many puns in *More Than Ever*, it is written in good sound transpontine prose; it contains but one song and two dances, one of which, with the song, might with advantage be omitted; it parodies not one story but many; it is a *reductio ad absurdum*, not of one play in particular, but of all pieces that are compacted of blood and thunder. Its scene is laid in the library of Ancestral Hall; its personages are the Wicked Baronet, the Beautiful Fiend, the Aged Retainer, the Wily Italian, and the Rightful Heir. Sir Crimson Fluid (Mr. Monkhouse) is discovered in the act of meditating on his innumerable crimes, and is seen, as a matter of course, to secrete important Documents in a place where any one and every one may find them. His helpmeet, the Lady Aqua Tofana (Miss Bella Howard) practises forgery as an amusement, bigamy as a common everyday experience, murder as a pleasing form of excitement. Shambles, the Silver-Haired Butler, has slain a butcher boy and is haunted by his victim's ghost. To Sir Crimson Fluid there enters one Arsenico della Morte (Mr. E. J. Henley) and tells him that the Rightful Heir is not yet dead, but that—with a view, it is assumed, to matching the curious temper and appearance of Zacky Pastrana—he has been brought up by a tribe of kangaroos, and is now come to claim the inheritance of which he has been despoiled. After a tremendous scene, played by both actors with admirable force and humour, Arsenico whistles, and the Rightful Heir (Mr. F. Wyatt), badly made up as an unintelligible kind of nondescript, comes bounding in. Here the fun grows fast and furious. Kangy sees the lovely Aqua, loves her on the instant, and attempts to woo her after the manner of Mr. Conquest as the Man Monkey. He dances (very much in the manner of those who dance in common burlesque, and not at all as a Man Kangaroo might dance), he pleads, he roars. Aqua yields to his blandishments, and essays to try her husband's new poison upon him. He catches her in the act, and obliges her to drain the fatal cup. Arsenico comes in; the papers are discovered; and Arsenico is shot. The Butler is brained by the infuriate nondescript with Sir Crimson's own club. With Sir Crimson himself he does battle to the death. Hardly has he despatched his wronger (with a fender) ere he is confronted by a policeman (Mr. Crutwell), who crawls upon him from under a sofa, where he has been hidden for a week, with his intelligent eye upon the guilty family; and him he obliges to swallow his staff and die. And then, everybody else being dead, it occurs to him that he will do originally and well to commit suicide. He does so, steel and poison aiding; and as in *Tom Thumb*, the curtain descends upon a stage all strewn with corpses, with nobody left alive to bury them. This amusing trifle, as we have said, was well and appropriately acted. Mr. Wyatt, it is true, is able to do little or nothing with his part. Mr. Monkhouse, however, looks the wicked Baronet to perfection, and is as stolidly intense and truculent as can well be; as the Beautiful Fiend, Miss Bella Howard is delightfully innocent and wicked; Mr. Squire, as the conscience-stricken retainer, is not so good as he might be, but is yet good enough to be effective. Among the best performances is Mr. Henley's. He plays with much lightness and assurance of touch, although he suffers grievously from an intermittent Italian accent; and his death-fall is both novel and ingenious.

The rest of the entertainment had little novelty or freshness. It afforded an excellent study of individual methods, however, and under that aspect we may consider it in detail. The curious compromise between acting and speaking which is known

as recitation was not so well illustrated as was hoped and expected. Mr. Charles Warner, who was to have been present did not appear, so that the public was the poorer by a piece of good and touching work, and by the pleasure afforded by that striking employment of temperament—of temperament abundant in quantity and sound in quality, and absolutely under control—which is the principal feature in Mr. Warner's delivery of a certain stirring copy of verse by Mr. Bret Harte. Failing this, however, there was plenty to interest and something to amuse. Everybody did his best to be entertaining; and the several theories of entertainment were good matter for contrast and examination. To Mr. Toole, for instance, a recitation means an opportunity for the exercise of an admirable capacity of mimicry and the display of a full and pleasant faculty of humour—means an angry magistrate, an Irishman, good-tempered and penitent, a stammering and obtrusive witness, a glib, imaginative barman, and a wonderful old lady with a preposterous cough and tender memories of husbands reft to an untimely grave—it means character, in fact, and fun, and observation, and the production of a comic study of life. To Mr. Grossmith a recitation is something touched with music and an entertaining finger on the piano, and eked out with suggestions of clever caricature. Mr. James Fernandez, on the other hand, goes to work on a recitation very seriously indeed. He suits the word to the action and the action to the word with extraordinary earnestness. He is a bearded soldier in one line and a lisping innocent of five in the next. Now he shoulders imaginary rifles and answers to obvious words of command; now, the skirt of his frock-coat aiding, he suggests a small child holding up her apron for tobacco. At one moment he is grim, resolute, stiff with the port of Mars; at another there is an attempt at tears in his manly voice, an indication of suppressed emotion in the heaving of his manly breast, a determination of human tenderness to the fingers of his manly hand. We shall have said enough if we add that the impression he produces is one of conscientiousness and care complicated with a vague suspicion of absurdity. On the other hand, the chief consequence of Mr. Paulton's practice of recitation is an immense enduring melancholy. Mr. Paulton enters quietly, stands inoffensively, speaks with a level and depressing intonation, and proceeds to make rigmarole a weariness in action. His humour is one of long words and broken sentences of misapplication and inconsequence, of jumble and glibness and unmitigated nonsense. One thought of M. Delaunay and the song in *Le Misanthrope*, of Mr. Irving and Eugene Aram and the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, and Dante's words—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria—

assumed a new significance, and came home with new and unwanted force.

REVIEWS.

GUTENBERG AND THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.*

AN attempt to reopen an historical question which has long been supposed to be settled is not generally received with much gratitude by the public, which likes to rest comfortably in a conclusion worked out for it by others. And if the accepted view has to be abandoned, the public will, after the first natural irritation against the innovator, reluctantly but meekly adopt the new opinion which has conquered by sheer weight of argument. It would be vexatious to have to look upon the statues erected to Gutenberg at Mainz and Strasburg as misleading monuments of a man who was not what he is claimed by his admirers to have been. Yet even this reversion of former beliefs will be gradually accepted by a long-suffering public if there is some positive new truth to substitute for the discarded opinion. But what is most difficult to bear is precisely what Mr. Hessels would have us do in the treatise before us—to abandon our old belief without having any distinct new story to set in its place; to rest for the present in an attitude of scepticism with regard to the results hitherto supposed to have been attained, without any definite expectation of reaching new and truer views for the future. This is the scope of Mr. Hessels's book, which we cannot on this account recommend as pleasant or encouraging reading. It is a question without an answer. The question receives neither affirmative nor negative answer; and the treatise will therefore please no one, while some will surely think that if no answer can be given it had better not have been written.

Yet this very failure to satisfy the popular craving for results ought to tend to deepen our respect for the investigator. It furnishes at least some guarantee that his investigation is conducted with an eye fixed solely on the evidence and undisturbed by considerations of what will be said of him. This respect is certainly not likely to be lessened by the study of the intricate evidence which is carefully sifted throughout the book. It will surprise those who are new to the subject to find on how slender a basis of document the claim of Gutenberg to the invention of printing with movable types rests. Whereas the custom of

appending the place and name of the printer, and generally the exact date of the completion of the impression, was adopted from almost the very commencement of the art (being found in the Mainz Psalter of 1457), no single work is known which contains a genuine imprint bearing Gutenberg's name. This fact, if it does not raise a presumption against Gutenberg's claim, at least throws almost unsurmountable difficulties in the way of those who try to establish it. A large number of the earliest books were similarly issued without note of printer or date; this is the case with the Latin Bible with forty-two lines in the page, commonly called (from Cardinal Mazarin's copy) the Mazarine Bible, which is believed on good evidence to have been printed by Fust and Schöffer at Mainz in 1455 or 1456, with the thirty-six line Bible, printed about 1460, and with many other works, especially smaller tracts. When the art had spread to many towns, and was practised by numerous artificers, it was more natural for the latter to exhibit thus their names and addresses to an admiring public; and the first printers may well have preferred to remain unacknowledged until it became evident what success would attend the new mode of producing books. But if Gutenberg lived till between 1465 and 1468, and practised his art at Mainz, where other printers (notably Fust and Schöffer) were also engaged, it does seem curious that he should not, like them, have appended his name to his impressions.

Mr. Hessels's book arose out of an examination of a large work on the same subject by Dr. Van der Linde, which he tells us he found so full of assertions repeated from previous writers without investigation of their foundation, that he was led to look into the whole subject for himself and revise the real position of the question. The work is one of excessive difficulty, from the rarity of the early-printed books that had to be inspected, involving visits to libraries at Mainz, Darmstadt, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Wolfenbüttel, Strasburg, Paris, and other places, besides the British Museum, Cambridge, &c. Dr. Van der Linde had previously published a book in which he examined and demolished what he calls the Haarlem legend of the invention of printing, which attributed the invention to Lourens Coster of that place; and Mr. Hessels translated this treatise into English with perfect approval of its argument. But he finds Dr. Van der Linde's work on Gutenberg utterly unsatisfactory. We cannot undertake to review the former writer also, and may well be absolved from the attempt, as Mr. Hessels presents the points on which a decision must be formed in so complete a form that a reference to another writer is unnecessary.

As Gutenberg appears in no book as printer, much less as the inventor of the art, the evidence of his activity must be sought elsewhere. Mr. Hessels enumerates twenty-three documents relating to him, and gives the text of the more important. From these it would appear that he was born at Mainz, probably between 1400 and 1410, resided at Strasburg from 1434 to 1444, or later, returned to Mainz about 1448, and lived there till his death before 1468. Twelve of these documents, important as they are for the biography of Gutenberg, contain nothing that throws any light on the invention of the printing art; one is unconnected with our Gutenberg, and five exist only in transcripts of such doubtful and suspicious nature that Mr. Hessels pronounces them forgeries; another is a pure forgery; so that only four remain for serious examination in connexion with the history of printing.

From the purely biographical documents, we learn that in 1430 Gutenberg of Mainz was not residing there; that in 1434 at Strasburg he relinquished his claim to some money owed him by that city; that in 1441 he and another were sureties at Strasburg for the payment of some money to St. Thomas's Chapter there; that in 1442 he and a citizen of Strasburg obtained a loan from the same Chapter, for which he paid interest, till about 1458, after which in 1461 (according to another document) he was sued for payment; that he paid a tax at Strasburg from 1439 to 1444, after which no trace is found of him at Strasburg. Further, we find that at Mainz in 1448 a loan was contracted on behalf of Gutenberg; that his name appears as that of a witness at Mainz in 1457; and, finally, that in 1465 he was appointed by the Elector and Archbishop Adolf II. of Mainz his courtier, and was to receive clothing, corn, and wine. None of these documents, not even those relating to the raising of money, or the last, conferring an honour upon him, appear to mention any particular that could be suspected of having any reference to experiments in printing.

After these documents come those which Mr. Hessels rejects as spurious. The clearest case is a forged imprint in a copy of the *Dialogues of Pope Gregory* (which was really printed with the types of Henr. Eggestein at Strasburg, about 1470), in Lord Pembroke's library at Wilton House, which has at the end the three lines—

Presens hoc op' factum est per Johan.
Gutenbergium apud Argentinanam
anno millesimo ccccvi.

Mr. Hessels, who is very experienced in the knowledge of types, observes:—

The genuine type of the book has been very well imitated, but the forger, whoever he may be, did not take, or was unable to take, account of the old and blunted condition, and the exact size, of this genuine type, and consequently manufactured a new and slightly larger type than the older one. It is true the size of the forged letter is very slightly larger, but the difference of the two sizes is yet perceptible.

The other suspected documents are chiefly connected in an unpleasant way with the name of Professor Bodmann, who was keeper of the archives of Mainz at the beginning of the present

* *Gutenberg: Was he the Inventor of Printing? An Historical Investigation, embodying a Criticism on Dr. Van der Linde's "Gutenberg."* By J. H. Hessels. London: Quaritch. 1882.

century. Several documents bearing on the life of Gutenberg are traced back to this official, but can be traced no further; no originals, in short, of the copies furnished by Bodmann to persons investigating the history of printing have been found by careful searchers ever since, or can be proved to have ever existed. One of these papers professes to be a letter from Gutenberg to his sister, written from Strasburg in 1424; if genuine, it would put back his known residence at Strasburg for ten years. Two other documents, of the alleged dates of 1453 and 1459, appear to have been similarly produced by the inventive genius of the same Bodmann, ostensibly from the archives of Mainz; but no originals or contemporary copies are known to exist, and both seem to be entirely discredited by all writers who have examined the evidence. The document of 1459 would be interesting if genuine, as it contains a promise from Henne (Johann) Genssleisch von Sulzloch, called Gudinberg, to give to the library of the convent of Reichenklaren, near Mainz, all the books which he has caused to be printed and may print in future. Another interesting, but highly doubtful, document, which cannot be fathered upon Bodmann, gives an account of a breach of promise case, said to be brought at Strasburg, in 1437, against Gutenberg, by a noble Alsatian lady, Anna zu der Iserein Thüre, but without stating the result. It was first made known in 1740 by Schöpllin, who however did not publish the text, but subsequently made additions to his first communications, stating that Gutenberg afterwards married the lady and had children by her. And in 1760 Schöpllin stated that he had received the document in question from the then archivist of Strasburg, J. Wencker. The latter, though his character has not previously been seriously impugned like that of Bodmann, may have been a forger, and we observe a tendency in Dr. Hessels's criticism to regard any document that has been seen and reported on by one witness only as a probable forgery. If this treatment is fair, there are other instances to confirm the idea that Wencker may have been a sinner of the same kind as Bodmann; but it would be curious if the temptation to find out something about Gutenberg led to so much demoralization among the German archivists. This particular case, however, is not very important for the history of printing; it only affects the question whether Gutenberg obtained through a wealthy wife the command of money for the experiments on which he is supposed to have been engaged.

Having discarded the unimportant and the spurious documents, we come to the four which deserve serious examination. One is more curious than helpful. It is a piece of oak, which was discovered at Mainz in 1856 at the excavation of a cellar. It bears the inscription J.MCDXLII.G, and is believed by the credulous to be a portion of Gutenberg's original printing-press, the inscription being interpreted as Joannes Genssleisch (or Gutenberg), 1441. The fact that the supposed printer was then living at Strasburg might throw some doubt on its identification; but those who wish to believe in it have only to conjecture that on his return to Mainz he carried this press with him. It is waste of time to say more on anything so utterly doubtful. The next document is more important; it is a record of a lawsuit between Jerge Dritzehen and Gutenberg in 1439 at Strasburg. The depositions of thirteen witnesses for Dritzehen and three for Gutenberg and the sentence of the Strasburg Council are all given in full, as published first by Schöpllin in 1740 and 1760. It appears that Andres Dritzehen had entered into partnership with Gutenberg, and advanced money, in return for which Gutenberg had taught him the art of polishing stones. But Gutenberg had another art (which is not mentioned by name), which evidently excited considerable interest, and brought him partners and money: for first Hans Riffe, and then Andres Dritzehen and Andres Heilmann, obtained partnerships and put money into the undertaking, and subsequently paid a still larger sum in on the terms of association being enlarged by the stipulation that Gutenberg should "teach them all his arts and undertakings which he might further or in any way learn, or know at present, and conceal nothing from them." The money which was to be paid by Gutenberg to the heirs of any one of the partners in the event of his death was specified; and the action was brought by the brothers of Dritzehen, who were dissatisfied with Gutenberg's view of his obligations. The Senate, however, gave a sentence entirely in favour of Gutenberg. The value of this document for us of course consists in the light it may throw on the invention of printing. Yet here it is provokingly unsatisfactory, approaching the subject so near as to whet the appetite and then stopping short without making any important disclosure. The depositions of several witnesses declare that on the death of A. Dritzehen "he had four pieces (stücke) lying at the bottom of a press (presse)," and that Gutenberg requested Dritzehen's brother "to take them out of it and lay them apart from one another upon the press; then no one can see what it is." Another witness gives a further detail, that Gutenberg asked him "to take the trouble to go to the press and open it by the two little buttons (würbeln), then the pieces (stücke) would fall asunder, and then he should lay the same pieces in or upon the press, after which no one could see or note anything. And if any misfortune happened he was to come out to Gutenberg, who had something to say to him." Another adds, that Gutenberg sent his servant "to fetch all the forms (formen), and that they were taken to pieces (zurlossen = zerlassen, for which in the next sentence we find the synonymous *zurlegen = zerlegen*) so that he could see it, and that he was sorry for some of the forms." The only thing that appears quite clear in these passages is the jealousy with which a secret art was guarded against publication.

As to the art itself, its instrument is a *press*, which word must be certainly taken to imply some sort of stamping or printing; and another witness, a goldsmith, said that he had been paid by Gutenberg nearly one hundred florins solely for what belonged to *printing* (trucken). Still, there is no mention of letters, paper, ink, books, or anything to determine the purpose of the press. The "pieces" seem to be the same as the "forms," since both alike are taken to pieces or fall asunder; they may be the frames which hold the types of a page, and could be readily loosened so that the types would all fall to the ground and betray nothing of the previous arrangement; still, if this is the meaning, it is strange that in these various passages not a word is found about the types themselves. The "pieces" clearly cannot be types, as Dritzehen had only four of them in a press, and also because types could not be properly described as *forms*.

Mr. Hessels has penetrated to the bottom of the history of the documents containing this lawsuit, and has discovered that the two volumes which held the depositions and lists of witnesses are sufficiently attested but no longer accessible, having perished in the fire during the bombardment of Strasburg in 1870; and that the sentence of the Senate was in a volume which appears to have been seen by no one but the archivist Wencker in 1740—another hint of dark and nefarious doings on the part of one of those unscrupulous forgers, the keepers of public archives! But further information enables him towards the end of the book to allay his own suspicions, and to quote an author who says that the archives of Strasburg for the period before 1500 were "delivered to the flames at the celebration of the first *Fête of the Supreme Being*, 20 Brumaire, 1793," those possessing peculiar interest, such as the depositions of witnesses in the Gutenberg case, being alone excepted, while it is expressly stated that the sentence of the Senate in that case was destroyed. In this case, however, the depositions of witnesses are the most important, and internal as well as external evidence is in favour of their authenticity—especially the consideration that a forger would have made his documents tell more of what we want to know, whereas these stop short of that, at a point where the addition of a word or two (allusion to printing on *paper* or to the production of *books*) would have disclosed it all.

Finally, we have the lawsuit of Johann Fust against Gutenberg at Mainz, alleged to have been decided November 6, 1455, concerning which a notarial instrument has been often published. This was a suit to recover moneys lent by Fust, a rich man and belonging to one of the most distinguished families of Mainz; and the tribunal being a "timid one" and overawed by the Fusts and their wealthy connexions, is said to have decided against Gutenberg, and awarded 6 per cent. interest on the money to the plaintiff. It is said to have proved that the association between Gutenberg and Fust was formed in 1450, when the latter advanced 800 florins to Gutenberg, who had then no printing tools, and that about the end of 1452 Fust lent him another equal amount. It is then assumed that in 1455 Fust and Peter Schöffer, his assistant, who effected improvements in casting types, had advanced so far in the art as to be able to dispense with Gutenberg's aid, and that this lawsuit was instituted in order to dissolve the partnership and get rid of Gutenberg, who could not get on without Fust's money. But this instrument was not published till 1734, and the earliest transcript of it now known to exist was made some time before 1649; the original is not forthcoming. The statements contained in it are not intrinsically incredible; but the earliest external testimonies on the subject are strangely conflicting, some ascribing the invention to Gutenberg, others to Fust. Thus Johann Schöffer (son of Peter and grandson of Johann Fust) says in a book published by him in 1503 that his family invented printing, and in one published in 1515 that Johann Fust was the first author of the art, which he began to exorcitate in 1450, and perfected so as to commence printing in 1452 with the aid and additional inventions of Peter Schöffer, and that they kept the art secret till 1462, when it spread by means of their workmen into other countries. The war between the two rival archbishops, with the siege and capture of Mainz by one of them—Adolf von Nassau—in 1462, is generally assumed (probably largely from this very evidence) as the cause of the dispersion of the printers and spread of their art into other towns and countries. In 1518, again, Johann Schöffer received a privilege from the Emperor on the ground of his grandfather's invention of "chalcography"; and in 1519 J. Thurmayer Aventinus says that Fust made the invention in 1450, and completed it in 1452, but adds curiously that it was divulged ten years later by Fust's servant, *Johannes Guttengerger, a Strasburger*. Yet in a book published as early as 1505 by this same Johann Schöffer, a German Livy, the dedication mentions Gutenberg as inventor in 1450, and Fust and Schöffer as improvers of the art. And in 1541 occurs the first mention of a lawsuit between Gutenberg and Fust, in a poem in praise of printing (*Encomium chalcographie*) by J. Arnold Bergellanus, who says that Gutenberg invented the art in 1450, assisted with money by Fust, and that afterwards Peter Schöffer aided them and invented the *matrices*; that the work was carried on in secret places without witnesses, and they published several *little books* (*libellos*); that they separated and dissolved the partnership, "and the cause was brought before a timorous tribunal, and a horrible process (*dica nefanda*) was instituted," &c. The mention of the production of little books is interesting, as it leads to the inference that the great Latin Bible (Mazarin) was preceded by many smaller experiments, such as the very early Donatuses. If the account of the lawsuit of 1455 were more thoroughly

discredited than we conceive it to be, it might be argued that this curious Latin poem was the ground on which the concoctors of that story had built.

On the whole, while we consider that Mr. Hessels has performed a very valuable and rather thankless service in thoroughly sifting all the evidence on this subject, and has demonstrated the weakness of much of the current evidence, we cannot think that his treatise answers in the negative the question proposed in its title. There is nothing to prove that Gutenberg did not invent printing, and much to render it more than probable that he did. We cannot reject all the stories that ascribe the invention to him and the providing of the money to Fust and others. We may imagine many reasons for his not appending his name to any existing books. It is not so easy to understand how, if he were no inventor at all, his name could be so frequently brought forward in such documents as we have seen in that capacity.

After acknowledging so fully Mr. Hessels's labour and accuracy, we cannot in fairness omit to observe that he is not immaculate—the more so because he poses as a trenchant critic of the faults of others. He quotes in English a passage from a German writer, Schaab, in which we hear that "Professor Fischer says: A document existing in the archives of the University, and written by Gutenberg himself in 1459, makes it clear that Johann Gutenberg, on midday of the brightest day of May, had not only printed several books, &c." The original has "macht es klar wie am Mittage des schönsten Maientages, dass Johann Gutenberg . . .," i.e., as we should say, "makes it clear as noonday that . . .," Surely so cautious a critic might well have doubted the assertion that Gutenberg printed several books on (or before) one particular day in May. Again, in describing an early edition of two tracts by Sifridus de Arena, printed in types that have been claimed for Gutenberg, Mr. Hessels omits to note one evidence of date which the book itself supplies in calling the author "*quondam episcopus*"; for, as Sifridus died in 1470, it must have been printed after that date. A more serious error has been pointed out by a writer in the *Athenæum* with reference to a German lawbook (*Richterlich Clagepiegel*), which on the evidence of its typography must have been printed not later than about 1470; yet Mr. Hessels this time accepts without investigation the unfounded statement of some German bibliographers that it was written by Sebastian Brant, which if true would make it impossible that it should have been written much if at all before 1490; but Brant was only the corrector of later editions in the sixteenth century, and not the original author, so that his name does not affect the question of the date of the first edition. Occasional errors or peculiarities in English style will readily be excused in a Dutchman, who on the whole writes in our language with remarkable vigour and correctness.

A NARRATIVE OF THE BOER WAR.*

IT is doubtful whether, for the present, writers on the luckless Transvaal business can count on a very numerous audience. The matter was (or rather seemed to be, for it is assuredly not finished yet) a short if not a small matter, and there have already been many books written about it. The history of it can be agreeable to no Englishman, except a few of the eccentric persons who delight in their country's disaster and shame as such. Both Liberals and Conservatives who are not frantic partisans know that the management of their respective party leaders was anything but blameless. No one engaged in the business personally, except perhaps Sir Evelyn Wood and the commanders of the garrisons in the Transvaal, comes out of it altogether well. If it did not begin in a mistake, which is still disputed, it unquestionably became a blunder very soon, and continued growing and flourishing in blunderdom not to the end, for that is not yet, but to the present day. Nevertheless, the mere fact of its being so forlorn a history, joined to the fact of its being yet incomplete, makes it worth studying, and Mr. Carter's book, which is a considerable one—for the pages hold more matter than usual, and there are nearly six hundred of them—is an important contribution to that study. Much—very much—of the author's information is direct and at first hand. He was present at all the three fatal fights near Laing's Nek; he was on the top of Majuba all through that affair, and was the first Englishman to identify Sir George Colley's body; he journeyed round to all the Transvaal garrisons immediately after the Convention, and he seems to have collected information on all other points with the greatest care. Moreover, he writes from a peculiar and noteworthy point of view. He does not take the simple Radical view that anything that does England harm must be good, nor the simple Tory view of "England right or wrong," nor the Afriander view (though he approaches that), nor the view of military or diplomatic officialism, nor that of the amateur who takes no particular interest in the matter. He takes what may be called the colonial view, and, though his own acquaintance with the views and interests of the Cape colonists is rather obscurely stated and accounted for, the remarks in his introduction defining his standpoint generally are very well worth the attention of students of politics at home. Mr. Carter says that he came from England imbued with "the orthodox Exeter Hall spirit and belief" about the native question. This we must take leave to doubt. For he is evidently

a sensible man, and no sensible man ever took what is generally known as the Exeter Hall spirit and belief on these points. But he is entitled to the credit of having started with a belief (which is not confined to Exeter Hall) that the colonists are rather too closely interested in the methods of dealing with the natives to be good judges of those methods, and of having changed that belief after at least two years' experience of the facts. That is always worth something when a man shows himself, as Mr. Carter does, to be a person of intelligence. It may be added that he shows himself a workmanlike if not always a very elegant writer, and that his accounts of military operations have what much more picturesque accounts have not always, the effect of leaving a distinct impression on the mind.

Besides the prejudice (or whatever it is to be called) above noticed, Mr. Carter apparently started with another, which makes him a peculiarly valuable witness at the present time. He had at first a very considerable sympathy with the Boers, and, though he admits with much frankness that contact with them cured him of a great deal of it, enough remains to make him speak in very strong and, in a certain sense, prophetic language about the Convention. We are not able to agree with Mr. Carter, or indeed to follow him, in his denunciations of the Convention as otherwise than just and equitable to the Boers. That settlement was disgraceful enough if regard be had to the circumstances under which it was made, silly enough if regard be had to the difficulty of enforcing it by the strong hand, and the certainty of its breach by the Boers if it was not enforced by the strong hand. But on the grounds of justice and equity to the Boers themselves we really do not see what fault is to be found with it. Their conduct towards the natives is abominable. Mr. Carter, who does not like the natives, and does rather like the Boers, admits that. Consequently, there can be nothing iniquitous in taking means to look after them in this matter. Their habits of trekking and filibustering on the trek are the notorious cause of half the evils in South-Eastern Africa; clearly it cannot be unjust or iniquitous to endeavour to restrain those habits. But if Mr. Carter's contentions on this point are not exactly intelligible, they at least show that he is not likely to favour annexation ideas. This being so, his deliberate and elaborate testimony to the fact that, contrary to the repeated assertions of English Radical organs (not at the time—they were quiet enough then—but since), Sir Theophilus Shepstone's original act, whether wise or not, justifiable or not, was in accordance with the wishes of the actual majority of the population, is of great importance. This testimony, based apparently on extensive examination of persons as well as of documents, is strengthened by Mr. Carter's similarly based version of the course of subsequent events. He argues, and he produces strong reasons to support the argument, that if the promise of representative institutions had been carried out, there would have been little or no discontent at all, except among a minute "Dopper" fraction. This discontent grew and increased, owing first to the injudicious concealment of the true state of affairs by or from the Colonial Office (Mr. Carter gets a little mixed in his denunciations of Sir Bartle Frere and of Lord Carnarvon), then by the unnecessarily irritating language and the unwise parsimony of Sir Garnet Wolseley (of whom Mr. Carter is a very severe critic), and lastly by the still more irritating martinism of Sir Owen Lanyon, the smoulder being finally fanned into a flame by the indignation felt among the people at the contrast between Mr. Gladstone's words in Midlothian and his action after taking office. It will be seen that Mr. Carter is no respecter of persons or parties, and he certainly manages to make out a pretty bad case of mismanagement all round as far as English interests are concerned.

There is one remarkable exception to this; and it is, oddly enough, in the case of a man against whom Mr. Carter himself accumulates a larger amount of lucidly displayed evidence than has yet been brought by any one. This is the ill-fated Sir George Colley. We need not say that we quite share with Mr. Carter what he somewhere calls "a distaste to finding fault with dead men." But this, though very amiable, is not history; and in criticizing history, no less than in writing it, it has to be surmounted. Mr. Carter produces express testimony to Sir George Colley's personal intrepidity; but this was not needed. No one has ever dreamt of accusing him of cowardice. But Mr. Carter's own account—an extremely full and minute account, written in part at the time, and corrected and enlarged afterwards—of the three battles is sufficient to show that hardly any words can be too strong for the incomprehensible failures of generalship then committed. Twice, and twice only, does Mr. Carter make any direct attempt to excuse Sir George, and in each case this is in the very unsatisfactory form of throwing the blame on somebody else, while in one case it is (we can use no milder word) demonstrably absurd. The attack on Laing's Nek he virtually, if not expressly, admits, was badly planned and worse supported; but it might have been more successful if Colonel Deane had made it in a slightly different form. Colonel Deane is dead too; but it is worth remarking that other accounts do not join with Mr. Carter's in attributing any error to him, while the insufficiency of the general plans is acknowledged by all. In regard to the Ingogo fight, Mr. Carter does not himself produce any evidence tending to throw light on the motives or to justify the expectations which led to that most extraordinary and useless promenade. But the climax is reached at Majuba, of which, by the way, Mr. Carter gives incomparably the best and most probable account known to us. He admits the want of forethought in the advance; the inexplicable delay and inaction on the summit; and the badly-selected position.

* A Narrative of the Boer War. By Thomas Fortescue Carter. London: Remington & Co. 1883.

He quotes, and does not attempt to refute, the almost incredible but uncontradicted assertion that the supports below were left with absolutely no orders at all—a fact which, taken in conjunction with the rest, seems to prove decisively that the General thought his mere appearance on Majuba would frighten the Boers away. Mr. Carter even comments regretfully, and with full admission of its fatal consequences, on the neglect to order a charge, which would very likely have been successful, until the men's morale, excellent till nearly the last, was broken by the infernal fire poured upon them. But (and we frankly own that in some considerable reading of military histories we have never come across a sentence more utterly astonishing than this) "If any one member of Sir George Colley's staff had hinted at the desirableness of systematic entrenchments being made, no such disaster would have been recorded." A general takes a daring resolution; he carries it out successfully to a certain point; the advantages gained are lost by inaction and misarrangement till they turn into a frightful disaster; and an apologist remarks that, if "a member of the staff" had been good enough to remind the general of a point which a lieutenant of Volunteers ought not to have overlooked, the disaster would not have happened. If a staff is to be blamed for not informing a general of the ABC of military operations, we can see no alternative between doing away with generals altogether and having nothing but a staff, or doing away with the staff, so as at least to deprive generals of an excuse so dangerous. The staff no doubt are a general's eyes and ears and hands; but we never heard that they were his brains.

If, however, it cannot be said that Mr. Carter is very successful in his generous but ill-judged attempt to clear Sir George Colley, it is pleasant to be able to say that his defence of the officers and men engaged (except the wicked staff who would not "hint") is much better. From his observation, which appears to have been minute and constant, it would seem that there was scarcely any shirking until the very last moment, when, as has been said, some of the men were cowed by the fire and the way in which they had themselves been kept inactive while the foe were creeping on. Nothing like a refusal to charge seems to have been likely earlier, and until the final *sauve qui peut* nothing more is recorded than the natural discouragement of men who feel themselves badly led, and do not know what they are about. It is true that, as Mr. Carter reminds us, the actual numbers engaged were but three hundred, and the miserable detachment system to which the General clung made them probably not worth two hundred of a single regiment. But let any honest man read Mr. Carter's own account, and decide whether the three hundred of Thermopylae itself would have done much better had they been led as the men were led who went wool-gathering to their deaths on that Hill of Evil Counsel.

GRIMM'S TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY.*

THE first volume of Mr. Stallybrass's translation of Grimm dealt chiefly with the high Gods of the German peoples. The second is concerned with a variety of topics. Of these the most important are legends of the House-spirit (the Russian Domovoi and Scotch Brownie), the myths of Creation, the remnants of animal-worship, and the legends about the Stars, and about Death. Though Grimm wrote when our knowledge of the myths of non-European and backward races was by no means so full as it is now, he made constant use of what lore of this kind he found ready to his hand. He was not one of the "comparative mythologists," who remind one of laundresses as defined by Sam Weller. The laundresses were so called, Mr. Weller thought, by reason of their antipathy to soap and water, and many modern "comparative mythologists" resolutely decline to "compare" any myths except those of the Indo-European races. There was none of this fastidiousness in Grimm, who consequently got nearer to the roots and meanings of myths than the mythologists who confine their studies to the myths of races with a strong aptitude for civilization. Even Grimm, however, would have come nearer to an historical view of the development of myths if he had been able to examine more closely the beliefs and narratives of the most backward peoples.

Passing over the pages on "wights and elves," which are peculiar to no race, we turn to the remarks on the House-spirit. It seems probable that the House-spirit, especially when friendly and helpful, is a popular survival of the ancient ancestral spirit. He sometimes has an animal form and name, and among the backward races of Africa and America the ancestral spirit does return in various animal forms. He occasionally lives in a tree (p. 509), like the worshipful spirit of Indian villages. "You must not break a bough of such a tree," which is a sacred tree in its way, "or the offended goblin will make his escape and all the luck of the house will go with him." The old ancestral spirits were propitiated with food, and so is the House-sprite. "Servants, to keep on good terms with him, save a little potful of their food for him . . . the spirit is easily satisfied; he puts up with a saucerful of porridge, a piece of cake, and a glass of beer, which are put out for him accordingly." All this corresponds to the Scotch theory and practice of Brownies, as explained in Mr. Chambers's *Nursery Rhymes and Legends of Scotland*. The story of the "goblin's flitting" is known to the Germans, Poles, and

Irish, as well as to the people of Cumberland. The noisy spirits who toss things about occur in a French comedy—*Les Éprits*—of 1597, and are familiar to the Society for Psychical Research. Modern science, we believe, regards the noisy spirits as ghosts of the recently departed. The *Golden Legend* has tales of a *malignus spiritus* who whacked the walls with a hammer, exactly like the deceased landlord of the bathing establishment at Aulus in M. d'Assier's book *L'homme posthume*. The habit of throwing stones, the favourite missile of posthumous man, is commonly found in the old French *Histoires prodigieuses*, curious tracts of which a collection, in two fat volumes, was published by Leloup, at Avignon, in 1751. The book may be recommended to folklorists and psychical researchers.

Skipping the Giants, who are much the same sort of people all over the world, we come to Teutonic myths of Creation. These are chiefly derived from Scandinavian sources. The Eddaic account of the origin of things displays the usual invention of savage races and the usual inconsistencies. Early man, in his endeavours to conceive of the beginning of things, usually hit on the plan of imagining the existence of one or more earlier races of beings, who made the world and man, or who were present at the evolution of both. The cosmogonies hesitate between theories of evolution and creation, and commonly end in a mixture of both. The very lowest races make animals the creators, and the animals survive as avatars in Hindoo and in other myths. The German races, as the myth has reached us, begin with the conception of an immense chasm or gap, in which was ice. The ice melting, a magnified non-natural man, named Ymir, grew out of it. He fell asleep, and the races of giants sprang from his feet and from his armpit. Grimm observes that in the Zend system the first man sprang from the haunch of the primeval bull Kayomer. In Mangaian as in Greek myths beings spring from the head, thigh, and other portions of the early non-natural race. Returning to the Northern tale, we find a cow which licks the ice away, a man named Borr, and his three sons, Odin, Vili, and Ve. These slay Ymir, and make the world out of his body. In precisely the same way did the gods in the Rig Veda make all things out of Purusha, whom they sacrificed. Among such very backward races as the Tinnah and other North American tribes it is naturally the form of a dog or other animal which is torn up into materials for the world. This is only an example of the law which makes animals take the rôles of gods and heroes in the myths of the least developed races. Egypt and the Iroquois show us primeval heroes whose bodies became flints, vines, and other objects, after they were slain; and there are abundant traces of the same rude conception in the legend of Dionysus. Semi-Christian documents in later Germany reverse the old and world-wide notion that all things were made out of a living body, and represent man's body as having been made out of all things. Instead of bone becoming stone (as in the cases of Chokanipok and Ru, in North America and Mangaia) stone becomes bone, and so forth. Grimm says (without giving his authority) that in Cochin China traditions "Buddha made the world out of the giant Banio's body, of his skull the sky, of his flesh the earth," and so on, a myth exactly answering to those of Ymir and Purusha. But he does not quote the famous Purusha hymn, in the tenth book of the Rig Veda, while the Tinnah and other tales, in which an animal's body does duty as *prima materies*, are unknown to him. Nor do Dionysus *Μυροφάγης* and Athene *Τροτοφάγεια* suggest to him the birth of Tangaroa from the arm of Papa. A common enough African myth of man's origin makes him come forth from a tree or a reed-bed, and Grimm says, "Plainly there existed primitive legends which made the first men grow out of trees and rocks," and he appropriately quotes the question of Penelope to the disguised Odysseus, "Thou art not sprung from rock or oak, whereof old tales tell?" Zeus, according to Hesiod, made the third race of heroes out of ash trees. We scarcely regard the flood caused by Ymir's blood as a proper parallel to the Deluge, which is so commonly, if not universally, mentioned in the legends of the world. Rather does it remind us of the deluge of human blood caused by the wrath of Ra, in the Egyptian myth, recorded on the tomb of Seti I. Ra was appeased on this occasion by libations of water, suggesting the similar libations by which a flood was commemorated at Athens and in Syria. Grimm appears to have only known the Indian flood, or deluge, through the Mahābhārata, and to have been unaware of the earlier version in the Satapatha Brahmana. We do not know whether it is a proof of the antiquity of the legend that, unlike the Purusha Sukta of the tenth book of the Rig Veda, it does not regard men as divided into castes. Grimm says "It appears to me impossible to refer the whole mass of these tales about the great Flood and the Creation of the human species to the Mosaic records as if they were mere perversions or distortions of it," and indeed that is by no means the view which most readily recommends itself to the mythologist.

Grimm has little to say about sacred plants and trees. It naturally did not occur to him to analyse the names of the old Teutonic clans, and to compare those names, derived from plants and animals, with similar names and with plant and animal worship, among ancient and savage peoples. On the whole topic of animal-worship he wrote without having observed the laws already referred to, which make theriomorphic gods and heroes precede anthropomorphic gods and heroes in the evolution of mythology and religion. On sacred beasts he expresses himself thus:—

We shall have still more to say about sacred animals, which enter into more intimate relations with man than dumb nature can; but their cultus will admit of being referred to two or three principal causes. Either they

* *Teutonic Mythology*. By Jacob Grimm. Translated by J. S. Stallybrass. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons. 1883.

stood connected with particular gods, and to some extent in their service, as the boar belongs to Fró, the wolf and raven to Wuotan; or there lies at the basis the *metamorphosis of a higher being into some animal shape*, on the strength of which the whole species comes to be invested with a halo of honour. That is how we may in some instances have to take a bear, bull, cow or snake, presupposing an incarnation, though our mythology may have long ceased to reach so far back as to give a full account of it. Then, bordering close upon such a lowering of the god into the animal, comes the *penal degradation of man into a beast*, the old doctrine of transmigration, in which we discover a third reason for the consecration of animals, though it does not warrant an actual worship of them.

Grimm's two reasons for the sacredness of animals appears to us rather to reverse the true opinion. The God came first, in Grimm's view, and the animal was sacred because it was in his service, or because he had taken its shape. To our mind, the animal came first, like the Australian cockatoo and crow-creators, the Gold Coast spider-creator, the Bushman grasshopper-creator; the Melanesian spider, the Mexican woodpecker, the Thlinket raven, the coyote, and the rest. Then came anthropomorphic Gods, and the old animal heroes, sinking to a lower level, but not wholly discarded, became servants or avatars of the anthropomorphic deities. As an example of this process one may note how invariably the fire-stealer is a bird or beast in North American, Melanesian, Andaman, and Australian myths, while in Scandinavian and Indian myths the stealer is a god in guise of a bird, or a bird acting in the service of a God. Again, animals are the ancestors of tribes all over the savage world; but in Greece the ancestral animals are explained as so many disguises of Zeus, the anthropomorphic God. Among sacred animals Grimm reckons horses and kine. The boar is a sacred animal in many lands. An absurd explanation has been given, "in the fact that he roots up the ground, and men learnt from him to plough!" Bear and wolf, both totems in America, were sacred in ancient Germany, as the bear still is among the Murri and the Ainos. Where do we learn that "Welsh legend presents Arthur as a bear and a God"? "Gods and goddesses change themselves into birds" (as in the Iliad); but birds are Gods in America and Australia. Grimm mentions the holy woodpecker of the Piceni; he might have added the Mexican humming-bird. The titmouse was not to be slain in old German forest law. Grimm finds "some traces of beetle-worship," a very rudimentary form of Teutonic religion. The German myths of stars are wonderfully scanty compared with either classic, or Vedic, or modern savage legends of the constellations. The myths of death give no explanation (as most mythologies do) of the origin of Death, and how he came into the world. But death, as in the Banks, isles, and in the Veda, has his own highway, "on which the dead travel with him."

Mr. Stallybrass's translation is a considerable boon to the English reader. He would have earned still more gratitude from many people likely to be his readers if he had translated the Latin and Greek extracts, as well as the German text. He will, we trust, have a chance of making this improvement in a new edition.

NATURE NEAR LONDON.*

THIS book, though rambling and put together carelessly, is in some respects the most interesting of any which Mr. Jefferies has produced. More than its predecessors, because those treated of subjects with which the ordinary reader could not be supposed to be familiar, it fills one at first with a kind of shame. For it is as if a man should find out that he had never even seen such common objects as buttercups, honeysuckle, or wild rose. Especially is this the case with those who think they can really observe and understand natural objects, who have tramped year after year about the country lying round London, and have passed days and weeks upon the river and its banks, and pride themselves on keeping their eyes open. Yet here is a book which crams more observation into a single page than they have been able to make in all their lives. Let such readers take courage. It is no more given to the ordinary man to possess this marvellous faculty of observation than it is given him to acquire languages by the dozen. To become such a one as Mr. Jefferies requires, first of all, birth and habitual life in the country; next, trained quickness and strength of sight; further, a clear head and a strong memory; and with all this, profound sympathy with nature in all her aspects. Now, not only is there no living man, unless it be some village genius, as yet inarticulate, at all to compare with Mr. Jefferies as an exact and minute observer and recorder; but we may almost say that there never has been his equal. Dull, indeed, and lifeless do the "word-pictures" and scenery of novelists seem compared with the wealth, the freshness, and the fulness of these pages. Mr. Jefferies is the Meissonier of those who paint with words. His descriptions are so full of detail that they actually cannot be read for long; it is necessary to turn back and read over again; every line instructs. If the reader pores over this book too long at a sitting, a sense presently comes over him of reading a catalogue; this is a sign that he has had enough for one sitting; he has fallen out of sympathy with his subject, and has got as many novel facts and observations into his brain as it will for the moment hold; he had better lay the book down. Next day he will take it up again with renewed delight.

* *Nature near London*. By Richard Jefferies. Author of the "Gamekeeper at Home" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

It must be borne in mind that the author, in calling his book *Nature near London*, describes a spot a good way from London—in fact, a place considered by Londoners to be in the country, where a broad river, a wooded country, a fertile soil, large gardens, and a great heath make up between them a situation most favourable to wild creatures of all kinds. It is not, for instance, Hampstead Heath, though even round the Heath Mr. Jefferies would doubtless find wonderful things to talk about—at the present moment there are nightingales in Caen Wood as fine as any in England; nor is it Burnham Beeches, a wood which really calls aloud for a poet; or Epping, whose northern glades, full of sweetness and beauty, are quite unknown, even to the East-Enders; or the last bit of Hainault left, which is wild and wonderful; or the great commons of Clapham, Streatham, and Wimbledon. He was staying up the river somewhere about Hampton, and he very wisely declines to state exactly where he saw these wonderful things. Why not mention the exact locality?

Because no two persons look at the same thing with the same eyes. To me this spot may be attractive, to you another; a third thinks yonder gnarled oak the most artistic. Nor could I guarantee that every one should see the same things under the same conditions of season, time or weather. How could I arrange for you next autumn to see the sprays of the horse-chestnut, scarlet from frost, reflected in the dark water of the brook? There might not be any frost till all the leaves had dropped. How could I contrive that the cuckoos should circle round the copse, the sunlight glint upon the stream, the warm sweet wind come breathing over the young corn just when I should wish you to feel it? Every one must find their own locality.

And he adds, though apparently he only half understands the full meaning of his own words, that it is very easy to pass any of these places and see nothing, or but little. Very easy, indeed. So easy that ninety-nine out of every hundred pass by with eyes shut, so to speak, and see nothing. Then the hundredth man passes and sees a little. It is just the same in a great city. The people go up and down the streets and jostle each other, intent each upon his own affairs. They see and feel nothing, neither the crowd nor the faces of those who pass, nor do they hear their talk, nor do they consider the place they are in or the houses, or anything at all. To feel the varied aspects of life in a city, to catch the spirit of the moving multitude, to hear the voice of those who speak not, is but another form of that precious faculty which makes Mr. Jefferies eloquent, pathetic, tender, and suggestive in turn where an ordinary person can see nothing but a tree, a bridge, a ditch, a hedge, a flower, a flight of birds, a creature which runs, a fish which darts across the stream—quite common things not worth chronicling; anybody may see them every day.

Perhaps Mr. Jefferies is best when he treats of birds. There is, somewhere near the place where he was staying, a certain meadow, bordered with elm-trees and a hedge and a ditch. The buttercups flourish mightily in it, so that in June it is like a lake of gold; there are rats in the ditch, and the rabbits run about in the tall grass. Hither come hawks, kestrels, and kites in search of their prey. Hundreds of sparrows plunder the ricks, the blackbirds whistle half a dozen at a time in the elms—they would rather, however, whistle in an oak, which is, Mr. Jefferies casually remarks, as if everybody knew the fact, their favourite tree; a pair of turtle-doves build in the hedge; he who sits and listens hears "their 'coo-coo' mingled with the song of the nightingale and thrush, the blackbird's whistle, the chaffinch's 'chip-chip,' the willow wren's pleading voice, and the rustle of the green corn as the wind comes rushing (as it always does in a gateway)"; there are goldfinches a few and the chaffinch on every tree, and greenfinches in thousands. People who write to the papers and complain that there are no small birds left in the hedges do not know what they are talking about. Very likely there are none in the suburban hedges, because they have all gone away for a holiday and a feast to the cornfields and the stubble. Some of them fly because they are disgusted by continued wet weather. Fieldfares, for instance, and redwings, at such times journey west in large flocks to come back in spring; the worst season of all for birds is, in fact, a wet season; it is worse than cold and frost; there are fewer births and the same proportion of deaths. It is pleasant to learn that, in Mr. Jefferies's opinion, there are no fears at all of the small birds dying out in this country; there are more, he says, in Surrey than he has seen in any other part of England:—

The first spring I resided in Surrey I was fairly astonished and delighted at the bird life which proclaimed itself everywhere. The beaves of chaffinches and willow wrens which came to the thickets in the furze, the chorus of thrushes and blackbirds, the chaffinches in the elms, the greenfinches in the hedges, wood-pigeons and turtle-doves in the copses, tree-pits about the oaks in the cornfields; every bush, every tree, almost every clod, for the larks were so many, seemed to have its songster. As for nightingales, I never knew so many in the most secluded country.

There are more round about London than in all the woodlands I used to ramble through. When people go into the country they really leave the birds behind them.

No measure, he thinks, is needed to protect them. Only he would restrain the abominable birdcatchers who infest the roads on Sundays with their cages and decoys.

We must not pass over a most charming and characteristic idyl of a London trout. No one, to begin with, except the man with eyes, would ever have seen the fish at all; no one but himself could have written this history. It seems a shame to detach any portion of the story from the whole, but it must be understood that what is given here is only intended to call attention to it.

The book, like a great museum, contains a vast quantity of interesting and valuable things which the reader might easily miss who only takes it up now and then, just as one might wander through a couple of rooms at the South Kensington and then come out again. There is a brook "brimming and seeming to tremble on the verge of overflowing," across which a bridge has been built. Above the bridge there is a part of the water which lies in shadow out of the sun. Does everybody know how to look into such water for fish?—

By gazing steadily at a stone my eyes presently became accustomed to the peculiar light, the pupils adjusted themselves to it, and the brown tints became more distinctly defined. Then sweeping by degrees from a stone to another, and from thence to a rotting stick embedded in the sand, I searched the bottom inch by inch. If you look, as it were, at large—at everything at once—you are nothing. If you take some object as a fixed point, gaze all around it, and then move to another, nothing can escape.

Even the deepest, darkest water (not, of course, muddy) yields after a while to the eye. Half close the eyelids, and while gazing into it let your intelligence rather wait upon the corners of the eye than on the glance you cast straight forward. For some reason when thus gazing the edge of the eye becomes exceedingly sensitive, and you are conscious of slight motions or of a thickness—not a defined object, but a thickness which indicates an object—which is otherwise quite invisible.

Part of the brook is drawn off by a side hatch to supply a pond, and in the summer the banks of the pond are surrounded by anglers; no one ever looks under the arch or into the stream at all; manifestly the pool has a reputation which does not extend to the brook. Mr. Jefferies, considering the matter, thought the general opinion based on insufficient evidence. To the wise man there was something in the look of the sedges by the shore, the flags in the shallow, slowly swaying side to side with the current, the sedge-reedlings calling, the moorhen and water-rats, which gave an air of habitation. He thought there must be fish in the stream. One morning he was rewarded; he saw in the shadowy depth something like a short dark stick drift out from the arch, somewhat sideways. Gazing intently into the shadow, he made out at last that it was a fish, and not only that, but also a trout of a pound and a half. He was a very wary fish; the least movement sent him back to his cover, only a foot distant. The man who discovered him watched him all the summer; first he thought how he might take him, but then what was the pleasure of securing a fish—an hour's pleasure—to the delight of watching him a whole summer through? Then he grew jealous for his fish, and afraid that some one else might see it; so that if anybody passed by he would strike the bridge with his stick, or take off his hat in such a manner as to alarm the trout and send him quickly back under the arch. But the summer passed, and no one saw that trout. And the next summer came and went, and still no one found him out, and still Mr. Jefferies watched him day by day:—

There in perpetual shadow he lay in wait, a little at the side of the arch, scarcely ever varying his position except to dart a yard up under the bridge to seize anything he fancied, and drifting out again to bring up at his anchorage. If people looked over the parapet that side they did not see him; they could not see the bottom there for the shadow, or if the summer noon-day cast a strong beam even then it seemed to cover the surface of the water with a film of light which could not be seen through. There are some aspects from which even a picture hung on the wall close at hand cannot be seen. So no one saw the trout; if any one more curious leant over the parapet he was gone in a moment under the arch.

Folk fished in the pond about the verge of which the sedge-birds chattered, and but a few yards distant; but they never looked under the arch on the northern and shadowy side, where the water flowed beside the beech. For three seasons this continued. For three summers I had the pleasure to see the trout day after day whenever I walked that way, and all that time, with fishermen close at hand, he escaped notice, though the place was not preserved.

One morning in the third summer a fisherman came to the arch, and began to angle with paste for roach. While he stood there two navvies passed over the bridge, and naturally went up to see what the angler was doing, and one of them saw the trout. "Trust a navvy," says the author, "to see anything of the kind." This raises the navy greatly in one's estimation. Besides, he knew how to see through water. Did he also, one wonders, know Mr. Jefferies's scientific method of letting "his intelligence wait upon the corners of the eye"? Perhaps not in words, but yet he might in practice follow this method. There was a stir and excitement and a changing of hooks and bait. But the angler did not succeed, and the wary fish escaped; and in the spring of the next year was again in the old place with his retreat open to him beneath the arch, no doubt by this time contemptuous of all anglers, poachers, and navvies. This was the fourth season; the man who knew of him took his friends to look at this wonderful fish, who not only surrounded himself with the shadow of the bridge, but also threw a mental shadow over the minds of passers-by, so that they never thought of the possibility of such a thing as trout. But the end was approaching. One morning something happened. What that was must be learned from the book itself. Suffice it to say that the fate of the trout is kindly left uncertain; and there is room, though it be but scanty, for hope that he yet survives:—

That was in the early summer. It is now winter, and the beech has brown spots. Among the limes the sedges are matted and entangled, the sword-flags rusty; the rooks are at the acorns, and the plough is at work in the stubble. I have never seen him since. I never failed to glance over the parapet into the shadowy water. Somehow it seemed to look colder, darker, less pleasant than it used to do. The spot was empty, and the shrill winds whistled through the poplars.

The story of that trout is unfortunately told in two chapters

instead of one, as it ought to be. We suggest to Mr. Jefferies that he might detach the two parts from the chapters in which they are now found and put them together, so as to give his readers in continuous form what is certainly the most beautiful little "bit" about a trout ever written in the English language.

It would not be fair to make any more extracts from this book, which yet, more than almost any other book of recent date, might have any number of extracts taken and yet not feel the loss. Mr. Jefferies takes his readers into the woodlands, along the footpaths, into the lanes, into the wheatfields, among the crows, along the river, over the heath, round a coppice, and among the magpies. He teaches an incredible quantity of facts. Among other things he lays bare the true character of the crow. Nobody ever liked a crow very much, and henceforth he will be regarded with still less favour. This disreputable bird loves the neighbourhood of London because it affords a belt of land lying between the houses and the preserves where he is unmolested by keepers, and can carry on incredible depredations generally unsuspected and always with impunity. And Mr. Jefferies tells of the jays, the magpies, and the rooks; of every flower that blossoms in the fields, and every tree that putteth forth leaves; and all—which produces the strangest effect—with continual reference to that great London almost within sight and hearing to which every footpath, every road, leads, whither the rural heart is drawn as by a magnet, so that the roar of the town and the multitudinous footfall of the streets resound in the countryman's ears, though no one else can hear them—a spectral sound which somehow takes the quiet from the fields, the solitude from the woods, and the restfulness from the river; for that too, like the road and the railway and the dreadful men who wear the tall hats, is bound for London.

THE BROTHERS OF THE COMMON LIFE.*

IT would be easy to dismiss Mr. Kettlewell's volumes with a few sentences of depreciative comment. The book is very long, and, for the most part, very monotonous in its matter; while its heaviness is so far from being redeemed by any grace or vigour of style that the patience of the reader is additionally tried by faults of construction, and by a continual recurrence of hypothetical meditations which may in the author's opinion have been occupying the minds of the fifteenth century under different circumstances of life, and of elaborate dressings-up of bare mediæval chronicles in a clothing of modern sentiment.

But it would be eminently unfair to an author whose work is in no way intended to fill up the uninstructed leisure of casual readers were a reviewer merely to judge from the point of view in which the heads of a circulating library would estimate the number of copies for their purchase. Beneath all its superficial faults of style, the biographical history which Mr. Kettlewell has constructed from practically hidden sources is both valuable and interesting. Much of the monotonous character of his work is due to the nature of the materials in his hands; and the English reader, whether travelled or untravelled, can scarcely complain of the dullness of the narrative without convicting himself of having talked a good deal of nonsense in his time on the subject with which the author deals. It is a commonplace of experience amidst the ruins of a mediæval abbey or priory to hear—if not to utter—some such expression of feeling as, "What would I not give to know what was the actual daily life and habit of mind of the men who once lived here!" Allowing for such difference, and it need not have been considerable, as may have existed between the Dutch and English mediæval types in the monastic orders, Mr. Kettlewell has supplied in complete measure the opportunity of gratifying this aspiration; and it is very doubtful whether the professed seekers after this knowledge will be found to "give" the trouble of even reading these volumes through in the proportion of one per cent.

In addition to the value of this biography as a storehouse of domestic and personal detail from the religious life of the middle ages, it forms a contribution of some weight to the fuller understanding of the great movement known as the Reformation, as to which our own times are much in advance even of the period when undergraduates began to proclaim, in awe-stricken or horror-stricken country homes, that it was "a limb badly set," if not something very much worse. The popular view of the Reformation is that it was brought about through the energy and influence of individual leaders, rather than that the movement itself, originating in a general and widely spread dissatisfaction with the existing state of things in the Church, became gradually both more extended and more intense, till it called for leaders to give it form and expression. "Reformers before the Reformation" were found within the strictest lines of monastic discipline, and among men the most devoted in their submission to ecclesiastical authority. Among these a prominent place has been assigned by former writers, with whom Mr. Kettlewell agrees in opinion, to Thomas à Kempis.

It is unnecessary to enter into the once controverted question of the authorship of the great work which is now inseparably associated with the name of Thomas à Kempis. Mr. Kettlewell has in a former publication vindicated his claims, and in the present volumes he shows from time to time in the course of the biography

* *Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life.* By the Rev. S. Kettlewell. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1882.

ample reason for dismissing any other theory as untenable. The existence of a manuscript copy of several treatises, beginning with the four books of the *De Imitatione Christi*, and containing besides only works of which the authorship is unquestioned, the whole in the undoubted handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, and bearing his signature with the date of its completion, supplies evidence which all reasonable criticism must accept as final.

It might have been better if Mr. Kettlewell had adopted as the English form of the title borne by the Society whose annals he records, "The Brothers of the Common Life." The omission of the article will at first sight be perplexing, from the dissociation in popular language of any idea of community from the term "common life"; while, until they have thoroughly realized the life of the period described, few modern readers would understand the position of a collegiate body which on one side exhibits the features of a trading guild, and on the other merges in the monastic system. Before the invention and general use of printing the copying of manuscripts had assumed the proportions of a great industry, of which the religious houses could not secure the monopoly. Boys whose handwriting gave promise as regards the mechanical part of the work, and whose literary capacity enabled them to undertake it, found in the occupation of scribes an opening for maintaining themselves. As their numbers increased, the system of boarding-houses or hostels, under the control and superintendence of some person of recognized position and experience, was established as in the case of the contemporary Halls of Oxford, and the principle of association developed a corporate or collegiate feeling among their members. The scribes and copyists of the towns in Holland were thus prepared, at the close of the fourteenth century, for formation into a kind of semi-ecclesiastical, semi-trading guild, when Gerard Groote, a man of good family and of academical distinction, who had in earlier life obtained several prebends and had been made Canon of Utrecht and Aix-la-Chapelle, was brought under the influence of those doctrines of Christian mysticism of which Eckhart, Tauler, and others were the preachers; and in the fervour of his changed habit of thought undertook the foundation of communities, both of men and women, "who should live together in brotherhoods or sisterhoods as long as they remained single and could conveniently do so, for mutual help, comfort, and encouragement." These societies became known as Brothers and Sisters "de Comuni Vita"; and the first of these institutions was founded at Deventer, where Thomas Hemerken of Kempen became in his boyhood a pupil of the great school. His brother John, who was by many years his senior, had also been educated at Deventer, and had afterwards been admitted as a member of the newly-formed Society, into which Thomas was himself received while he was still a pupil of the school. He had previously lodged in one of the hostels already mentioned, but his entrance into the Brother-house at Deventer marked the beginning of a course of life which remained without change till his death in 1471, at the age of ninety-one.

The Brothers formed a co-operative, and to a certain extent self-supporting, society, although their possessions were gradually increased by benefactions. They were not allowed to beg for alms, and they incurred the constant hostility of the Mendicant Friars by the contrast. The position, indeed, of the Brothers of the Common Life was so far anomalous that it was found necessary to connect them with the religious organization of the time by the establishment of houses of a superior rank, of which the members were Canons Regular bound by monastic vows. The first of these houses had been founded at Windesheim shortly before Thomas à Kempis began his school life at Deventer, and his elder brother, John of Kempen (or à Kempis), had removed to Windesheim as one of its six first appointed Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine. He was a man of evident ability, and apparently with special qualifications for conventual government, as his later life was spent in presiding over newly-founded houses. He was the first Prior of the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes near Zwolle, in which his more famous brother lived and died without attaining any higher dignity than that of Sub-Prior, which he soon resigned; and he died as "Rector and Confessor of the Convent of Sisters at Bethania, near Arnheim, in the sixty-seventh year of his age," November 4, 1432.

The number of clerics or "clerici" living with Thomas à Kempis in the Brother-house at Deventer was usually about twenty. Three or four of them were ordained clergymen; but the whole body bore the name of "clerici," as the author states in a note, "strictly as writers, copiers of books, but still closely allied to religion, so that they were esteemed as a semi-religious body." For his skill in this art the author of the *De Imitatione* appears to have been pre-eminent in the community; and he must have been possessed of powers of sight as remarkable as his manual skill, since he continued to keep the register or chronicle of Mount St. Agnes to the time of his death. His last entry bears date January 17th, 1471, and there is a touching interest in the words immediately following it:—

Huc usque Thomas à Kempis: reliqua ab alio continna sunt. Eodem anno in festo Sancti Jacobi memoris post completorium obiit prædictus frater noster Thomas Hemerken de Kempis natus civitate Diocesis Colonensis anno ætatis sue XCII. et institutionis sue LXIII. (¶ LXVI.) anno autem sacerdotii LVIII. . . . Scripsit Bibliam nostram totam, et alios multos libros pro domo et pro pretio. Insuper composuit multos tractulos ad edificationem juvenum in plano et simplici stilo, sed prægrandes in sententiâ et operis efficiencia. Fuit etiam multum amarus in passione Domini et mire consolativus tentatis et tribulatis.

In addition to the "clerics" of the Deventer Brother-house, there were three laymen who discharged the duties of steward, cook, and tailor. Three other functionaries were charged with offices belonging to the writers' department—the Rubricator, the Ligator, and the Scripturarius; but whether these were clerics or laymen is not apparent.

In the house of Canons Regular at Mount St. Agnes, to which Thomas à Kempis removed in 1399, and in which he was invested by his brother John, the Prior, on the eve of St. Barnabas, June 10, 1406, the menial offices appear frequently to have been performed by the Canons themselves. In the earlier days of the house, its members were subjected to much privation and hardship through want of means; and on one occasion, after their settlement in comparative comfort, they were expelled for conscience sake by the neighbouring townsmen of Zwolle, who resented the obedience of the Canons to a scandalous Papal interdict. The record of this expulsion, and of the return of the Canons upon the withdrawal of the interdict, forms one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Kettlewell's work. In addition to the internal history of the Brotherhood and their houses, he has introduced several useful chapters of contemporary history, and has placed side by side with the quiet records of monastic life the tumultuous scenes of the Papal schism, of the Hussite wars, and of the fall of Constantinople.

In the fervour of his devotion to his patron saint—it is impossible to use such ordinary terms as "hero" or "subject of biography"—Mr. Kettlewell can hardly have been excelled by the most devout of pilgrims to the shrine of the English St. Thomas. His account of his own pilgrimage to the shrine, which ought to be something better than a shelf, upon which the bones of Thomas à Kempis repose, would be read, we are sure, with indulgent eyes even by the most Protestant of diocesans—any Article concerning "Adoration of Reliques" notwithstanding. There is at least one strong point in Mr. Kettlewell's favour, that these "Reliques" are undoubtedly genuine.

HOWELL'S ARABIC GRAMMAR.*

IN Moslem lands the learned are never weary of studying and commenting on the grammar of the dialect in which the Koran was promulgated. Above all other sciences grammar is there held in esteem; its possession will secure intellectual pre-eminence, and all men are convinced that the capacity for understanding its minutiae was a privilege reserved for the doctors of Islam, and bestowed by Allah on the faithful alone. The science is in truth one entirely of Moslem growth, for, in the elaboration of their grammar and their rhetoric, the Arabs borrowed nothing from their predecessors, the grammarians of Greece and India.

In India grammar was held to be of divine origin; it was ancillary to the Vedas. Men said the god Indra was its first professor, and before the fourth century B.C. the Hindu grammarians had already carried their analyses of the Sanscrit to that extraordinary degree of perfection which still is the marvel of Western scholars. Two centuries later, and independently, the Alexandrine Greeks, inheriting the labours of the Athenian Sophists, elaborated a grammar of their own language, and this became the model for all subsequent works in the schools of Rome and modern Europe. Among Semitic nations the Arabs were the first to imagine a grammar, since in their grammatical studies the Jews, despite their ancient literature, were but the late imitators of Moslem philologists. And this is the more remarkable when we remember that, after the Captivity, Hebrew—the language of the Law and the Prophets—was no longer understood of the people; that a Targum or translation was of necessity, and that generations of scribes by profession spent their lives poring over the Sacred Volume, counting the number of the letters, surrounding them with points, accents, and the other minutiae of the Masora, and yet these men never set themselves to compose any grammatical treatises on the structure of their language.

In the other Moslem sciences, in the astronomy, medicine, and logic of the Arabs, and above all in philosophy, the influence of the Greek prototype is everywhere felt; the technical terms are Greek, or so literally translated as unmistakably to recall the original word; the divisions and categories are always those laid down by the Greeks, and the Greek name for the science is itself often adopted. In the Arab grammar, on the other hand, we find no direct borrowings and no conscious influence of a foreign model. The name of the science and its technical terms are pure Arabic; while the divisions and the complicated rules which are elaborated in the syntax all give unmistakable sign of their native origin. The history of the science also bears out this internal evidence. In the natural sciences the Arabs freely admit themselves the disciples of the Yūnāniyūn—the ancient Greeks—and the chronicles mention the names of the Syrian Christians who translated the scientific text-books from Greek into Arabic. But in writing of the grammarians the chroniclers tell us a different story, for the Christians and the New Moslems, who instructed the Arabs in the positive sciences, were their pupils in all that appertained to the Koran and its language. The Arab grammar was produced in the effort made by the Companions of

* *A Grammar of the Classical Arabic Language*. Translated and compiled from the works of the most approved Native or Naturalised Authorities. By M. S. Howell, H.M.'s Bengal Civil Service, &c. Part I. Allahabad, 1883.

the Prophet to render that Sacred Book comprehensible to the great body of converts, to whom the dialect of the Hejaz was a foreign tongue; for even a few years after the Prophet's death the solecisms committed by the early warriors of Islam in their recital of the sacred text had become a source of constant affliction to those "Companions" who recalled to mind the faultless pronunciation of their master. And again, the great diversity of dialect among the Arab tribes who had embraced Islam made it the more necessary to assert the true pronunciation of the Koreish dialect, and, above all, to fix by rules what were the final vowels (marking the flexions of case), seeing that faults in this matter often entailed an alteration in the import of the text. In short, the grammarians set to work that the words which Allah had revealed to his Prophet might not become perverted from their original signification by the barbarous pronunciation of the New Moslems who were not of the race of Modar.

Turning now to Mr. Howell's volume, we find it is designed to supply Western scholars with a copious grammar of Arabic, in which the learner shall have recourse to the teaching of the native grammarians and eschew the unauthorized conjectures of foreign scholars. He presents us with a systematic grammar, entirely Arabic, based on the works of the four masters, Zamakhshari, Ibn Al Hâjib, Ibn Mâlik, and Ibn Hishâm, thus providing the student with an "introduction to the commentaries and glosses indispensable for the study of many works in Arabic literature," and making him acquainted with the grammatical system and the terminology which "must be adopted as a basis of communication with contemporary scholars of Eastern race." The native grammarians hold that the parts of speech are three—the noun, the verb, and the particle—and Mr. Howell, following the arrangement of Zamakhshari's *Mufassal*, has divided his work into "an introduction, and 4 parts." "The 4 parts describe the noun, verb, particle, and processes (chiefly etymological) common to two or more parts of speech"; and the introduction treats of the "Arabic syntax," to which Mr. Howell has appended "a summary of the rules upon the syntactical place of the proposition in the sentence, and an account of the rhetorical figures commonly mentioned by grammarians and commentators." The volume before us contains the first fasciculus of Part I. (on the noun); the remaining fasciculus, already far advanced in the printing, "will be published as soon as leisure permits." Parts II. and III. (on the verb and particle) were published as far back as 1880, and Part IV. is yet to come.

Mr. Howell prefaces his present volume with an interesting account of the early grammarians, mainly drawn from Suyûti. By means of "Grammatical Pedigrees," he exhibits the line of transmission, from the classical age of the "Companions" down to the foundation of the modern school at Bagdad under the Abbasides, of which the later schools in Egypt and Spain were but branches. As we have already observed, grammar began in the attempt to fix the orthodox readings of the Koran, and the historians relate how it was the Khalif Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, who first conceived the idea of correcting the solecisms of the faithful by the publication of rules which governed the construction of the classical language:—

This accomplished prince, who, according to Ibn Abbâs, was exclusively gifted with nine-tenths of knowledge, and shared with the other Companions of the Apostle in the remaining tenth, proceeded to lay down the fundamental principles of syntax, and enunciate the primary division of the word into noun, verb, and particle; and then made over the task of developing his conception to his learned confidant Abu-l Aswad.

The murder of Ali and the civil wars prevented the execution of the Khalif's project, but after some ten years' delay Abu-l Aswad was spurred on to his task by hearing

a Professor of Reading so mispronounce 2 vowels in a Text as to pervert its sense from "God is free from (the covenant of) the idolaters, and His Apostle (also is free)" into "God is free from (the covenant of) the idolaters, and (from the covenant of) His Apostle." Shocked at such profane ignorance, which made God repudiate the covenant of His own Apostle, Abu-l Aswad . . . first set himself to secure the correct pronunciation of the vowels in the Kurân by inventing the present system of notation; and then opened a School of Grammar, in which he lectured to all comers.

Whether this patriarch of Arab grammarians himself wrote any works is uncertain; the school which he founded at Busrah flourished for a century without a rival, and then during another century shared with its neighbour, Kufah, the honour of being the headquarters of the jurists and grammarians of Islam. The new school at Kufah, while agreeing in principle with that of Busrah, differed in the practice here instituted of accepting as evidence, for ruling a point, poetry, which poetry, it is said, was often either forged or attributed to those who had not composed it. Professors of Poetry and Rhapsodists who flourished at Kufah now first collected into *Dirâns* the poems of the desert bards; and, despite the apocryphal nature of some of their examples, posterity has in points of dispute generally adjudged the Kufites to have won the day, for these "accommodated their theories to the existing examples," while the Busrites are accused of explaining away by arbitrary assumptions, and rejecting "as anomalies or poetic licenses, those examples which conflicted with their theories."

By the beginning of the fourth century of the Hejrah the two older schools were eclipsed by Bagdad, where the enlightened munificence of Harûn ar Rashid had attracted the learned from all parts of the empire. The eclectic school here founded produced the numerous grammatical treatises, which form the authorities quoted by the four masters, referred to a few lines above, whose works are the basis of Mr. Howell's

volumes. But it would lead us too far to follow our author in the biographical notices which he gives of these four philologists, whose lives extend from the middle of the fifth century of Hejrah over a period of three hundred years, and of whom it is said that "time has been unable to shake their authority or lessen the popularity of their teaching." Besides these four masters, Mr. Howell has made a judicious selection from many other grammarians and commentators, combining into a continuous exposition the statements of every native grammarian who is counted as an authority. We have quotations from the works of over two hundred authors, the references being made by means of initial letters to tabulated indexes, in which are recorded the full name of the writer, his date, his school, and the master under whom he studied. To show how detailed is this portion of the work it is enough to note that these "Abbreviations of References" and lists extend to thirty-four pages, which again are followed by a copious "Glossary of Technical Terms."

A work carried out on this scale, which devotes over 500 pages to the discussion of the "inflected noun" alone, is necessarily, as Mr. Howell remarks, "not adapted for the mere beginner"; while the somewhat arbitrary arrangement of the subject-matter would, in itself, preclude any but an advanced student from making use of the volume. The natural order of subjects is assuredly not the one followed. The pronunciation of the letters, for instance, is relegated to the close of the work, to the Fourth Part, and the conjugation of the preterite tense is treated in the chapter on "the pronoun" (not in that of "the verb"), for the reason that native grammarians regard the variations of the preterite as due to the variations of its pronominal agent. On the other hand, the thanks of advanced Arabic scholars will be given to Mr. Howell for his exhaustive labours, the fruit, he tells us, of "the scanty and broken leisure of an Indian magistrate." The typographical execution of the volume, however, leaves much to be desired. The Arabic type is hideous and difficult to read, recalling the worst specimens of the Egyptian press, and certainly not worthy of the "Educational Department" and "the Authority of the Government of the N.-W. Provinces." The paper, we notice, is alternately white, whitey-brown, and yellow, variations which in no wise correspond with the chapters. Indian printers, also, would seem to have strange habits in the use of the numeral figures—the reader may have noticed examples in our quotation. Such a phrase as

He refused to declare that his 2 pupils Al Mutazz and Al Muayyad . . . were dearer to him than the 2 sainted youths Al Hasan and Al Husain

reminds us somewhat of the works of Artemus Ward. Does not Mr. Howell also try even the scholar's patience by his multifarious brackets and abbreviations, by such ever recurring passages as "the reading [of {Asim (MAd)}] al Jahdari and {Aun (IY)} al 'Ukaili (IY, Sh.)"? Such a sentence really requires all the study usually bestowed on a problem in algebra. In these matters, however, Mr. Howell has had to contend with the wealth of his authorities, and what we wish to point out is merely that the citation of them would often be less cumbersome as a note at the foot of the page than as an interpolation in the body of the text. We are taking exception to the form and not to the substance.

But with these small outward blemishes Mr. Howell's great work is not the less a mine of grammatical information. It has been elaborated after wide research with conscientious care; and Arabic scholars will await with impatience the concluding volumes, for they will then possess at Mr. Howell's hands an exhaustive Arabic grammar according to the "most approved native or naturalized authorities."

MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.*

NECESSARILY there is much that is painful in noticing the last novel we shall probably have from the writer who has entertained us for so long. The familiar style of plot, the characteristic diction, the very mannerisms against which we have vainly and frequently expostulated, must all awaken melancholy associations. And they remind us that we can no longer enjoy the pleasures of hope, by way of compensation for the pangs of occasional disappointment. Mr. Trollope, as we have repeatedly observed, was of course an unequal writer; nor could it have been otherwise with one who was so singularly prolific. But then he had the root of the matter in him; and he possessed an inherent vitality and freshness which always gave us assurance that he would rally after a collapse. "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum" can hardly apply in the case of any piece of honest criticism; and we are bound to say that *Mr. Scarborough's Family* must be ranked among its author's comparative failures. At the same time it is as far above the most disappointing of his works as it is beneath his *Barchester Towers* or *The Last Chronicles of Barset*. There is abundance of "go" in it; there are many striking scenes; and there is one character at least which is original, almost to incredibility. There are light sketches of social life, one or two of them nearly in the author's best manner, and many chapters which are extremely entertaining. We might have supposed that the novel had been left unrevised, and that it had received the final polish from some friendly hand which unfortunately was uninspired by the brain of the creator. But we fancy that we know

* *Mr. Scarborough's Family*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

enough of Mr. Trollope's manner of writing to believe that he not merely blocked out his work, but finished it as he went along. The chief fault in *Mr. Scarborough's Family* is excessive and superfluous reiteration. The same story of the mysterious underground dealings of the most conspicuous personage is repeated time after time with very insignificant variations; although already we have been informed of all that can be easily explained as to an individuality which in reality is inexplicable. And yet when everything has been said in the way of detraction or fault-finding, the story is so lifelike and so extremely readable that we lay it down with a pleasure largely leavened by regret.

It must be confessed that Mr. Scarborough is unlucky in his children, but then he hardly deserved any happier fate. He was far indeed from being a model father, and he had down in the face of all law and morality, finding a morbid satisfaction in setting both at defiance. He was gifted, moreover, with an almost preternatural astuteness, apparently born of an inveterate and promiscuous distrust, which would seem to have been inspired by an evil spirit of prophecy. The calculated misdeeds of his early life may be said to be in a measure extenuated by the subsequent misconduct of his two sons, while, to do him justice, his masterly sophistries of self-deception suffice to satisfy his perverted conscience; and in the strange inconsistencies of his idiosyncrasy, while confessing what are crimes rather than sins, he carries himself as if he were a saint and a hero. What is more—and we know not whether it is morally to the author's credit or not—Mr. Scarborough wins us, with most of the people who come about him, in a measure over to his own way of thinking. Though he sets all the ordinary laws of morality at defiance, as we have said, he really appears to be at peace with his own most peculiar conscience. Heroic he is, so far as his calm attitude in presence of death is concerned, considering that he is supposed to believe in a future state and is prepared to submit himself to a coming judgment. Compared to that, it is a small matter indeed that he supports atrocious surgical operations with the constancy of a stoic, and can summon to his service all his firmness of will when his strength has been shattered by protracted suffering. The question is whether a character so inconsistent is credible; and whether Mr. Trollope did not outrage the canons of his art in seeking to impose on our intelligence such a caricature of humanity. Yet we must admit that, if old Mr. Scarborough was worldly and worse than unscrupulous, he is severely visited by retributive justice. In the course of a long life he has seen the value of his property of Stretton largely increase, as it happened to be situated somewhere in the heart of "the Potteries." He is in the enjoyment of a rent-roll estimated at some 20,000*l.* per annum, and, as he has been living far within his means, might have accumulated a vast personality. Unluckily his elder and favourite son has turned out an inveterate spendthrift and gambler. Time after time Captain Scarborough's debts have been paid; and yet when we make the young man's acquaintance he is swamped in a sea of ever-swelling liabilities. Raising money recklessly on bills and post-obits, his prospects are more than mortgaged to the money-lenders, who are congratulating themselves on Mr. Scarborough's imminent decease. They misunderstand the man with whom they have to deal, and that wily gentleman is more than equal to the emergency. To the astonishment of all the parties concerned—to the delight of one, and the agony of many others—he proclaims that his elder son is illegitimate. He had been living abroad when the boy was born, and the marriage had been subsequent to the birth. No one is slower to believe the preposterous story than the family lawyer; yet even the acute Mr. Grey must yield to irresistible evidence. But as some uncertainty is essential to the interest of the tale, the elder son and his creditors profess themselves incredulous. Captain Scarborough, with all his feather-brained folly and mad profusion, has something likeable about him. A blundering, dissipated, heavy dragoon like Rawdon Crawley, "with small brains and strong desires," he is not without generous impulses. To do him justice, he refuses credence to his father's confession, as much from regard for his mother's memory as from reluctance to sacrifice any prospects that might remain to him. And he is an angel of light and a model of chivalry compared to his steadier younger brother. Augustus Scarborough is so cynical and heartless that he revolts even his very cynical father. Characteristically he shows no great resentment for the fraud which had been intended to cost him so dear; but now that the awkward paternal avowal has made him absolute master of the situation, he abuses his position with smooth brutality. The worthy old gentleman for his part bears Augustus no great malice for being candidly outspoken as to what the world would call his rascality; but he detests his son for openly longing for his death and seeking to anticipate it by an abuse of arbitrary authority. Augustus believes himself to be safe, but we of course know better. There is something almost touching in the way in which the cynical old man, who was not without warm family affections, clings, as long as it is any way possible, to the illusion that Augustus is not so vile as he appears. And there is something extremely gratifying in the disagreeable surprise prepared for the respectable younger brother of the prodigal. For reasons best known to himself that astute gentleman has arranged with his father for a compromise that ends in a full discharge of the creditors' claims. And now that the father's lands and hands are once more free, Mr. Scarborough "plants" the new heir presumptive as he had "planted" the elder brother and the Jews. He demonstrates beyond a doubt that the astounding confession was fraudulent, and that though the certificates of his post-nuptial

marriage were genuine enough, he had taken the precaution of having another ceremony performed previously.

There is much that is ingenious in the management of these intrigues, as there is much that is clever in their subtle influences on the characters concerned. But Mr. Trollope had too much of the genius of his art to keep his readers perpetually in an unhealthy atmosphere of fraud. Nor did he ever, so far as we remember, write a book in which there was not an abundance of love-making. In this case we are carried out of the questionable society of the Scarboroughs to refresh ourselves in the purer company of a young lady who had the misfortune to be nearly connected with them. Florence Mountjoy, who was destined by a family understanding to be the bride of her scapegrace cousin, Captain Scarborough, is the heroine of the book. Of course in the end, and after many troubles, she is saved from the unhappy fate of being wife to a predestined gambler; but before being united to the man of her choice she has almost as many suitors as the wife of Ulysses. Miss Mountjoy is cast in the mould of Mr. Trollope's favourite feminine creations; she is a milder Lily Dale and a gentler Lucy Robartes. With a good deal of flexibility, she can have a will of her own when it comes to be a question of her future happiness and of finally disposing of her in marriage; so that, as we need hardly add, she is by no means very original. But had she been less pliable she would have been exposed to less urgent importunities; and Mr. Trollope shows his inexhaustible fertility of resource in her rejection of the several unwelcome proposals that are forced upon her. The most amusing of them is the offer made by a certain smug Belgian diplomatist, who pleads his cause with perfect self-command and a happy blending of the romantic with the prosaic. As for Mr. Annesley, whom she takes to her innermost heart and chooses to invest with the attributes of a hero, he is handsome and commonplace enough. There is humour in Miss Mountjoy's refusal of M. Grascour; but there is comedy almost amounting to farce, although with something like a suspicion of coarseness, in the wooing of an uncle of Annesley's, who means to marry that he may have an heir and disinherit the youth on whom the family estate has been settled. We are told how the exceedingly prim and correct Mr. Prosper too impulsively placed himself and his fortunes at the disposal of the daughter of a wealthy firm of brewers; how the mature Miss Thoroughbung, after some maidenly hesitation, fell upon his starched neck and embraced him with unexpected fervour; how he did not quite know whether he liked the kiss or not, hesitating even more over it on calm retrospection; and how finally he decided that the lady was forward as well as mercenary when he came into the clutches of her lawyers, who sought to screw him down in the settlements. He owed his escape from the yoke or from an action for breach of promise to the lady's contemptuous generosity; and as she seemed to have been equally fond of fun and flirtation, we are left in considerable doubt from the first as to how far she had ever been serious. But there is a good deal of marrying or missing of giving in marriage besides that. There is one of those hearty middle-class weddings which Mr. Trollope loved to describe in the rectory of the Annesleys, where Henry Annesley's sister gives her hand to Joe Thoroughbung, a nephew of old Mr. Prosper's elderly flame. And as Joe is devoted to field sports, and more especially to hunting, we have the scenes at the cover-side and with the hounds sketched with all Mr. Trollope's animation and sympathy. Altogether, if the novel shows no great originality, its pictures of life are at least as full of variety as usual; and reading it we can only regret the more that we have lost a novelist of extraordinary versatility, who could ring fresh changes almost indefinitely upon all that he had made most familiar to us.

THE RUINED ABBEYS OF YORKSHIRE.*

WHEN this pretty book is examined critically, the reader sustains something like a shock. It is a significant fact that, finding Mr. Lefroy's work handsomely illustrated with etchings, woodcuts, and other engravings, we are surprised that the letter-press should be as good as the pictures. Things have come to such a pass that the more handsome and well illustrated a book is the less we expect from the author or compiler. In a recent article on landscape we called attention to the prints of Yorkshire abbeys by MM. Brunet-Debaines and Toussaint; but a closer examination showed that Mr. Lefroy has not been content to write a mere series of notes on the plates, but has entered warmly into the task of describing English abbeys in general, and of illustrating his remarks by references to the remains still existing in Yorkshire. There is something refreshing in reading pages in which we know that monks will not be called friars, and in which some distinction will be made between regular and secular, between Cistercian and Benedictine, between abbey and priory. Mr. Lefroy commences by an anecdote which well illustrates the amount of knowledge commonly possessed on this subject. A countryman asked a traveller in the neighbourhood of Furness, "About these monks—were they really black men?" We recently heard a tolerably well-informed man assert that "convent" always meant a "nunnery." That Austin canons and Austin friars, or black canons and black friars should be confounded is nothing very wonderful; and it is only of late years that accurate information has been generally accessible as to the

* *The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire.* By W. Chambers Lefroy. London: Seeley & Co. 1883.

monastic institutions of England in the middle ages. Historically it is extremely important that we should have at least some acquaintance with the facts of a system which, though it was abolished in the reign of Henry VIII., still influences our modern life in numerous ways. Why are some clergymen vicars and not rectors of their parishes? Because the rectories belonged to a convent who told off a vicar to perform the duty. Why did not the City of London extend its franchises and take in additional wards as the suburbs outgrew the walls? Because all the land belonged to the Church, and the abbots or priors or prebendaries, who were lords of manors, adhered to their rights. Many such questions affecting the present state of property, of the Church, of Gothic architecture, of water-supply, of the Poor Law, and a dozen different things of all kinds might be similarly answered. "How many of us," observes Mr. Lefroy, "learn abroad to interest ourselves in that which we have ignored a hundred times at home!" The monk, "who seems so much at home in the pictures of far-off Popish ages and the galleries of far-off Popish lands," was once a familiar object here, and has left an indelible mark on our country and our social life.

There were only two mitred abbeys—namely, York and Selby—among the twenty-seven of Yorkshire. The lord abbot of St. Mary's resided during the Session of Parliament in a house near St. Paul's Wharf. His monastery was, like Selby, of the Benedictine order, and Mr. Lefroy gives a typical plan of the conventual buildings from a survey of the Benedictine abbey of Westminster by Mr. Middleton and Mr. Micklethwaite. The same arrangement was common to all the greater convents of the order. The cloister court was, as a rule, situated to the south of the church nave. At Canterbury it was to the north. The refectory or frater was usually, as at Westminster, south of the cloister. The northern walk of the cloister was often glazed in as a scriptorium. Marks of the wooden partitions of the separate studies existed at Westminster till lately, when they were removed by a "restorer." The Cistercian arrangements were different from the Benedictine, though St. Bernard only intended his rule for a reformation of that of St. Benedict. The monks cooked week by week in turn, and this is said to be the reason that the refectory is at right angles to the cloister, as it was necessary that the kitchen and buttery should have direct communication with what was really the chief living room of the monks. At Rievaulx—locally called Rivers—there is a pulpit in the refectory, whence one of the brethren always read aloud during dinner. At Beaulieu, in Hampshire, the refectory has become a parish church, and sermons are preached from the old reading pulpit. The Cistercians were very powerful in Yorkshire, where Kirkstall, Roche, Jervaulx, and other abbeys and priories belonged to them. There were also Carthusians and Premonstratensians, and Mr. Lefroy takes great pains that his readers may make no mistake as to which was which. A canon is not to be confounded with a monk. The canons of St. Paul's were simply lords of manors in the neighbourhood, and at one time many of them were married men with families, and were succeeded in their stalls by their sons. Such irregularities led to the institution of "regular canons," who resembled monks in so many respects that their colleges were frequently termed monasteries. The "first canon regular in England," according to Stow, was Norman, Prior of Holy Trinity, Aldgate; but he is probably mistaken, as Lanfranc introduced the rule at Canterbury before 1089. The Priory of St. Bartholomew also belonged to canons regular. Their prior had a country house in Islington, whence the modern name of Canon-bury. Martin Luther was a regular canon of St. Austin. "The see of Carlisle, founded by Henry I., seems to have been the first, and indeed the only, instance of the establishment in England of Regular Canons as a cathedral body," observes Mr. Lefroy; but in several cathedrals the monks became canons. The Premonstratensian order approached the most nearly to monastic rule. Premontre, in the Forest of Coucy, where St. Norbert saw a vision of the Blessed Virgin, gives its name to the canons who had in Yorkshire Easby, Eggleston, and Coverham. The Abbey of Bayham, in Sussex, was also Premonstratensian; but the rule of St. Norbert did not prevail in more than eight or nine houses in England at the time of the Dissolution.

In an interesting passage of his chapter on "Bolton, Guisborough, and Kirkham," Mr. Lefroy details particulars of the connexion between the various Augustinian orders and the parish churches. With other orders such a connexion was occasional or accidental; with these it was normal. As a rule, the canons were founded in a parish church which they enlarged to suit their requirements. The canons of Aldgate were connected with the previously existing church of St. Botolph. The canons of St. Bartholomew were connected with the parish church of that dedication in Smithfield, a parish probably taken out of St. Sepulchre's for them. The ordinary monastery had its own church, though, occasionally, as at Barnoldswick and at Westminster, it absorbed the parish church. At Westminster, after an interval, St. Margaret's was built, in order to dissolve the connexion between the parish and the abbey churches. Westminster was not Augustinian but Benedictine, of the old kind. But in many places, the canons, taking the parish churches, built their own cloisters closely adjoining, and, as Mr. Lefroy points out, usually enlarged the church by the addition of a north aisle. "Our early parish churches," he observes, "have no aisles and no western towers. They were sometimes cruciform and sometimes not." If there was a tower it was central. At Bolton the canons found a choir, which they

renewed, leaving it however aisleless. "Proceeding in order to the north and west of the nave, the canons concluded with the south and the cloister, where pointed arches and transition work are visible." At Ripon there is no cloister, and both a south and a north aisle were added. At Bayham there is an arrangement of passages, which modifies the external effect of the long aisleless nave, and secures communication with the eastern limb which the stalls would otherwise block. The church of Bolton Priory is still parochial. The choir was usually separated from the nave by screens, one under the eastern, the other under the western arch of the tower. The eastern screen was broad enough to support a gallery, from which part of the service was sung. This gallery, though for some unknown reason it has proved especially obnoxious to "restorers," sometimes survives as an organ-loft. Over the western screen was the rood-loft, and the altar below, sometimes called "the Jesus altar," sometimes "the altar of St. Cross," served in such cases as Bolton, which is very typical, for parochial worshippers. The congregation still assembles in the nave, "the altar stands precisely in this position, and the piscina may be seen close at hand in the south wall." At Marrick, near Richmond, there was a Benedictine nunnery, and the nuns had the chancel and the parish had the nave. At the dissolution the choir was simply walled off and fell into ruin. At St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, the nuns had the north aisle and the parish the south aisle, and a "squint," or "hagioscope," was arranged by which the priores could see the elevation of the host from the southern walk of her cloister.

We have enjoyed reading Mr. Lefroy's pages so much that we have somewhat neglected the sterner duties of the critic. But the book has its faults and defects. There is not only no index, but practically no table of contents. A list of the chapters at the beginning is of little use. To make it complete there ought to be something more—an appendix perhaps, with a technical enumeration of the monastic foundations of Yorkshire, a list of abbots, a chronological table, some details of architectural style, and a few notes on the condition of each house at the dissolution. Apart from this Mr. Lefroy here and there leaves off in his archaeological argument, and breaks into fine writing, much of which we confess we cannot understand. This, perhaps, is inseparable from writing a book of the kind; but when we look at the end for an index, we only find a couple of paragraphs by way of conclusion, in which the art of saying nothing in the longest words is practised very successfully. There is a note of warning in the preface. Mr. Lefroy has had personal experience of Yorkshire hospitality, "and yet," he says, "because the unremembered past, like the dim future, stirs within us, we long to lodge for one night with a Benedictine host—seeing the old world and the forsaken ways." This is all very well, though the stirring within Mr. Lefroy of the "unremembered past" makes his sentences a little turgid; but when we read his concluding paragraphs, and see the same inclination carried out for half a big page where we ought to have some historical details, and perhaps a summing-up of the whole subject, it is impossible not to feel that, good as the work is, and high as it rises above the average of "illustrated books," it is still imperfect, and if it contains promise of excellence, leaves that promise still unfulfilled. Mr. Lefroy will know better next time. He will strive more for accuracy than for picturesque descriptions. He will give dates and details, and add tables of contents and indexes; and we have no doubt that when it becomes our pleasing task to review a work of his again there will be less fault to find and not less to praise than in this his first essay.

SIMCOX'S HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE.*

THE history of the literature of any country or of any language may be written for various purposes. Works of reference are needed by advanced scholars, introductory handbooks by beginners, and, if we may judge of the demand by the supply, popular accounts are required by those general readers whose ignorance of the language in question prevents their gaining any knowledge of its literature at first hand. Mr. Simcox, to judge by his preface, is in some doubt to which of these classes his work belongs. "My original aim in writing," he tells us, "was to do something towards making Latin literature intelligible and interesting as a whole to the cultivated laity who might like to realize its literary worth, whether they read Latin or no." In spite of the modification of view suggested by these words, the character of the work renders it in some important respects more suitable for the general reader than for either ripe scholars or less advanced students of the Latin language. It is true that there is much literary criticism which scholars will read with interest; but the work is almost useless as a book of reference, while want of precision and, to speak plainly, occasional long-windedness make it unlikely that it will supersede Mr. Cruttwell's *History of Roman Literature* for educational purposes. We gather that Mr. Simcox is himself conscious of the shortcomings of his work. The whole tone of the preface is that of a writer who did not quite know what he ought to do, and who wonders whether he has done it. Mr. Simcox seems to be bewildered by the magnitude of his task.

* *A History of Latin Literature from Ennius to Boethius.* By George Augustus Simcox, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

"An ideal history of anything," he says, "would tend to be a history of everything." Later on he avows that "it is confession of defeat to despair of organic unity, and fall back upon a sort of comparative portrait-gallery, or rather, perhaps one should say, a series of sketches, now slighter and now fuller, contrasted ill or well, with more or less of background to throw them up." We freely confess that there are some things in the preface which we entirely fail to understand. What connexion, for instance, with Latin literature has the question whether the colossal equestrian statue of Domitian was more or less ridiculous than that of the Duke of Wellington? The great failing of the book is its want of definiteness. Such scanty account as is given of MSS. and editions is crowded into a chronological table, which is consequently so overloaded with miscellaneous information as to be most inconvenient for its ordinary purposes of reference. Again, seeing that Mr. Simcox has chosen to write a *History of Latin Literature* in a great measure for the benefit of those who cannot read a word of Latin, it would have been as well to mention the best English translations of the various authors; nothing of the kind, however, has been done. Such omissions make his work useless as a book of reference, which is surely an important function of a literary history.

We must now hasten to say that, in spite of its want of method, the work is in some respects a valuable aid to the appreciation of Latin literature. The first volume carries us down to the close of the Augustan age. Part I. deals with the early literature of the Republic, and contains some interesting criticism of the position of Ennius in Roman literature. There is a good account of Plautus; but Mr. Simcox does something less than justice to the more delicate humour of Terence; while, with regard to the question how far the poet was helped by Scipio and his friends, he asserts, without any proof, that "we may be certain that the young nobles did what they liked, and were thanked and praised by the author who did the rest." Part II. includes the later literature of the Republic, dealing respectively with the later poets, the orators, and the historians. In the article on Lucretius we find a good account of the poet's philosophy, and some interesting remarks on his versification. Mr. Simcox points out with great justice that the roughness of the hexameter of Lucretius is a matter of deliberate choice rather than a sign of immaturity. Polysyllabic endings are introduced for effect, while in the frequent ending of the fourth foot with a word, and the custom of placing a monosyllable before a disyllable after the cæsura, the metrical order seems to coincide with the rhetorical. "It would disturb the flow of the poet to write 'terras que frugiferentes' instead of 'que terras frugiferentes.'" In treating of Cicero, Mr. Simcox seems to lose all sense of proportion; he devotes a great deal of space to an account of the orator's life and political action, and some pages to a discussion of his philosophy; we have very little account of his speeches, while, with regard to the letters, the fact that "it is not easy to speak of them as they deserve within moderate compass" is apparently considered a good reason for saying nothing more about them. If Mr. Simcox were writing a detached study of Cicero it would of course be open to him to choose any aspect of the orator's career and character that might suit his purpose; but in a *History of Latin Literature* it is not too much to ask that the literary side should be made prominent. However, the summary of Cicero's political career is so well done that we are almost inclined to pardon the undue amount of space which is assigned to it. Cicero's position when Pompeius evacuated Italy in March B.C. 49 has never been more happily stated:—

Cicero waited for more than two months to follow him, and was very uncomfortable all the time he was in his camp, seeing clearly all the faults and follies of his own side, convinced that Pompeius's head was running on Sulla and proscriptions, and yet tormented by regrets that he had not followed him with a blinder loyalty.

Mr. Simcox holds that the *Philippics* are, for the most part, "more remarkable for the skilful pertinacity with which a political object is pursued under difficulties than for their worth as orations." He believes that even the second "gained in reputation a good deal by the subsequent history of Antonius, who was completely sacrificed to Augustus by all Roman writers." The reasons by which Mr. Simcox supports this view are worthy of consideration; but we fail to understand on what grounds he asserts that Cicero's poem upon his consulship was "probably much the best thing that had yet been written in Latin hexameters since Ennius." Random guesses of this kind are absolutely valueless, and they tend to cast suspicion on the rest of the work. Among the historians of this period we must mention the excellent article on Sallust. He is treated at a length quite disproportionate to the quantity and importance of his writings which have reached us, but, taken by itself, the article could scarcely be better. Both his style and his historical importance are estimated, on the whole, with justice and with great critical insight. In one point only we are inclined to differ from Mr. Simcox's judgment. He holds that Sallust was "too disinterested for a partisan, and that he had no enthusiasm even for the party of Cæsar." It is perhaps owing to this view that Mr. Simcox expresses surprise at Sallust's reticence with regard to the exploits of Sulla; this is strange, we are told, "as Sallust does not admire Marius particularly." But, if we accept the view that Sallust was a decided partisan of Cæsar, which seems probable on other grounds, the cause of his silence about Sulla's achievements is at once apparent.

When we reach the Augustan age, the most interesting chapters

are naturally those on Virgil and Horace. With Virgil, or at any rate with the *Æneid*, Mr. Simcox is not altogether in sympathy; indeed he does not directly disavow "the impatience with which, for the last hundred years, English and German critics have regarded his greatest work." On the other hand, he is inclined to rank the *Eclogues* above those of Theocritus, from which they are imitated. Whether we agree in this verdict or not, surely the main ground on which it is based is somewhat delusive. Mr. Simcox says that "in modern times all pastoral poetry derives from Virgil, not from Theocritus." This is no doubt true; but it is scarcely a sound argument in favour of Virgil's superiority. At the time when modern pastoral poetry sprang up Latin scholarship was greatly in advance of Greek, and Latin rather than Greek models were adopted in nearly all forms of literature. In the criticism of the *Æneid* we find much that is both new and interesting. For instance, Mr. Simcox remarks that Virgil has "succeeded in one thing too well for his reputation"; he has "fastened the framework of the poem in the public mind as securely as if it had been an original part of the tradition. . . . If it were realized how completely the story of the *Æneid* is the creation of Virgil, his invention would be more praised than it is." Again, there is much truth in the following criticism:—"Virgil succeeds whenever the subject lends itself to romance or mysticism; he fails, at least he fails to interest, when it is a question of throwing himself into the homely everyday life of primitive times." The whole article is most suggestive, even where one does not altogether agree with the writer. The chapter on Horace, though Mr. Simcox confesses in the preface that the subject is most congenial to him, is scarcely so interesting. The chance of discussing philosophy seems to be a dangerous pitfall for Mr. Simcox, and though Horace's philosophy has little to do with the charm which he exercises over his readers generally, Mr. Simcox cannot resist the temptation which the poet's theories of life hold out to him. Beside this there is less originality here than in the chapter on Virgil; there is too much analysis of the subject-matter of some of the *Satires*, and the chapter is, to say the truth, rather tedious. It is not easy to say anything new about Horace. The chapter on Ovid, too, is disproportionately long. Of no other writer does Mr. Simcox give so many examples. His translations here and elsewhere are nearly always accurate, though not invariably beautiful. There is, however, an obvious blunder in the rendering of the line "et secui madidas ungue rigente genas," from the letter of Cænone to Paris. Mr. Simcox translates "my nails shivered as they tore my tearful cheeks." The idea of nails shivering is as ridiculous as the translation is inaccurate. Of course "rigente" is equivalent to "rigido," and means merely "hard." Perhaps Mr. Simcox was thinking of the Greek verb *ρίγειν* when he wrote this.

We have lingered rather too long over the first volume, and must speak somewhat briefly of the second. This is divided into eight parts, and ranges from the Claudian period to that of the Ostrogoths. This volume, though on the whole less interesting than the first, may perhaps be more useful, since much of the ground which it covers has been less frequently trodden by previous writers. There is a good account of the *Satirists* from Nero to Hadrian; Mr. Simcox justly points out that construction is the weak point of the Roman satirists, and especially of Juvenal, but with some inconsistency he does not allow this fact to weigh sufficiently in points of textual criticism; he seems inclined to consider spurious many lines which commentators have held to be doubtful, on the ground that they spoil the construction of the satire in which they occur. On the historical value of Tacitus, Mr. Simcox, on the whole, adopts the views to which recent criticism has tended. "The whole account of the reign of Tiberius," he tells us, "is a masterpiece of detraction." He well points out that Tacitus "measured the merits and demerits of all emperors by their respect for the dignity of the Senate, and their willingness to allow it a real share in the administration." Hence his injustice "to all the emperors who did not repress all accusations of high treason." Here, as in many other parts of his work, a certain striving after smartness leads Mr. Simcox into occasional injustice; he says, for instance, that the house of Germanicus "seems to have been fairly represented by Caligula," and in criticizing the love of Tacitus for generalizing, he writes as follows:—"The inbred depravity of mortals is a favourite formula, which recurs with the fatal facility of the ablative absolute to explain everything." After the period which closes with the reign of Hadrian, we have a section on Fronto and his school, which includes an interesting chapter on Apuleius. Part VIII. deals with "The Barren Period," in which the chief name is that of Tertullian. Next comes the revival of the Empire. The whole of this part is well treated, though the history is rather overloaded with mere names. We are not acquainted with any work in which so good an account is given in a short space of the writings of St. Jerome and St. Augustine. A chapter on "The Literature of the Decline," and two on "The Literature of Italy under the Ostrogoths," bring the work to a close.

Mr. Simcox's chief failings as a literary historian are the want of system, which seriously diminishes the value of his work, and a tendency to flippancy, which is perhaps due in some measure to his anxiety to please the "general reader." He seems to feel now and then that he ought to say something amusing, and he proceeds to do so according to his lights. His efforts in this direction are often rather ponderous, and sometimes approach dangerously near to vulgarity. Speaking of the death of Clodius, he says that "Milo, who was standing for the consulship, thought it better that

Clodius, who was standing for the prætorship, should not survive an encounter between their respective bands of bravos in the latter half of January." In another choice passage he describes Vitellius as "an elderly man with a strong tendency to over-eat himself." This is not the conception of humour which we should have expected from a writer of Mr. Simcox's ability. Such faults as these are, however, atoned for by keen critical insight and the power of appreciating what is good and valuable even in authors with whom the writer is not altogether in sympathy. It is impossible to read such articles as those on Virgil, Sallust, or the Satirists without gaining a clearer idea of the subject and a more just appreciation of the writers. It is in such detached articles, rather than in the general scheme of the work, that the value of the book consists.

THE FOLKLORE RECORD.—VOL. V.*

THE Folklore Society continues, and probably will continue, to present in its *Record* matter of unequal interest for those who do not approach the subjects handled in it from the same point of view. It seems to be becoming clear that comparative mythology is a very different thing from Folklore. In one sense the range of the latter is wider, inasmuch as it deals sometimes with questions affecting the highest epical literature of the Aryan world, while it condescends to collect the pettiest details of widely-spread superstitions, of which the mythologist, as such, will readily admit that he can easily have enough or too much. All that can be said for this portion of the Society's work is that some good may be done by bringing together the odd fancies of connected or unconnected tribes; but from the stores so gathered there must be a large process of sifting, and until this is done the ransacking of the store must be left to those for whom such a task is not uninviting.

The process unquestionably involves a vast amount of repetition. The publications of the English Dialect Society present us with a multitude of vocabularies which we are told belong to the particular dialect treated of, but which belong to it in no other sense than that in which they belong to every form of English speech. The same remark applies to almost all the folklore notes published in the *Folklore Record*. Fifty or a hundred superstitions may be mentioned as found in Surrey, or Somerset, or Devon; but of these much the larger number may be found almost everywhere else; and where absolutely no difference can be traced in the character of the superstition or the words in which it is expressed, much time and space would be saved if the collector would state what superstitions he finds in a particular district which are common to other districts, and would give in his notes only those which are peculiar to the region which he is examining. A word is not a Leicestershire or a Yorkshire word unless it is either found there exclusively, or but very rarely found elsewhere. In the present volume of the *Record* Mr. Temple presents us with some agricultural folklore notes, gathered in India and selected from Carnegie's *Kachahri Technicalities*, published at Allahabad in 1877. These notes, it must be admitted, have more than usual value. Many of them relate to lucky and unlucky days for the farmer's taskwork, and invite a comparison with the enumeration of similar lucky and unlucky days in the Hesiodic Works and Days. In both the directions are based in a great measure on astronomical considerations, which form practically a system of astrology. There may be but a slight difference between the note which tells us that "reapers and the poor are allowed to bring away a portion of the seed-corn daily from the field during harvest," and another which says that "all the harvest gleanings are deliberately left in the field for the benefit of the poor and indigent." But perhaps the deliberate leaving of grain on the ground may be more in accordance with the old Jewish precept than with English practice generally. We have, of course, a number of remedies for diseases or accidental injuries; but how they may work we are not told. It seems that the mere showing of the roots of the *bhatakataia* (*Solanum Jacquiné*) to a snake-bitten man will be followed by his immediate recovery; and of ordeals to which thieves are subjected Mr. Temple says that he has himself seen the trying of the device which places *pipal* leaves in the culprit's hand and calls on him to deny his theft, the guilty, it is supposed, faltering always in the trial; but he does not tell us the result, which would probably tend to prove that such charges are only libels on spotless innocence. Some of the proverbs cited are sharp criticisms on character. Of a fop one saying avers

Wondrous Thy (God's) power, wondrous thy caprice;
The musk-rat has anointed itself with jessamine oil.

Of taste, as regulated by the varying conditions of life, another says that "Among ten with slit noses one is nicknamed 'whole-nose.'" Of gradations in demand and supply a third tells us that

A straw fell from an elephant's mouth, and made no difference to his meal;

The ant carried it away, and fed her whole family.

The proverbs cited are mostly in rhyme, and Mr. Temple rightly gives with each translation the original Hindi or Hindustani, his translations being exact, while those of Mr. Carnegie, who wrote for magistrates and judges, and others connected with our law courts, are very free, and therefore useless to those who wish only to know the precise meaning of popular sayings.

* The Folklore Record, Vol. V. London: printed for the Folklore Society. 1882.

A few details of Roumanian folklore, given by Mrs. Mawer, are of considerable interest. We have first a group of superstitions, from which we learn that Roumanians firmly believe in the evil eye, and that the friend whose good looks you have praised will fall ill or some accident will befall him; that marriages in May are unlucky; and that two brides must not meet in a church—fancies which are pretty widely spread in non-Roumanian lands. Their songs, Mrs. Mawer asserts, perhaps not without some reason, are "priceless wells of tender feeling and elevated ideas"; but it seems that they are also priceless wells of ancestral dates—a phrase, to say the least, somewhat puzzling. One song which relates to a thief named Tunsul, exhibits the elevated ideas of the robber in the arrangement by which he strips the traveller of his wealth by holding a pistol to his ears, telling him that he purposes to repay him some day.

But if by chance I should die,
God will give it back to you.

His praiseworthy intention is, it seems, defeated by his coming to a premature end at the gallows; but whether any special lesson is to be learnt from the tale the poet has not informed us. One little myth of autumn-tide is very pretty, and if more such may be found, it would be a good work to gather and preserve them. It runs thus:—

In a little green garden sits a young maiden on a bed of columbine,
under the heavy shade of rose-trees.

A young man passes swiftly, and while continuing his way, cries,
"Tell me, fair being, with thy rosy little mouth, art thou a wife, or art thou a maiden, or a goddess dropped from heaven?"

"Neither wife am I, nor maiden, nor goddess dropped from heaven," said she, "but only a little carnation that has sprung up in this little garden. But thou, young Sir, art thou married, or a youth?"

"I am, dear," he said, "the dew. I come in the cool evening and rest in the bosoms of flowers; and when with the sun I quickly disappear, the life of the little carnation will be drawing to its close."

The youth who cannot pause in his journey is the dewy month of October, which is followed by the weakening of the sun and the vanishing of the summer flowers.

The few specimens of Wexford folk-lóre given in this volume are not especially attractive. There is, no doubt, a foundation in fact for the rhyme:—

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a cow and calf that day;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a butterfly.

There is certainly none for the advice that persons afflicted with whooping cough should watch on the road for the first man riding a piebald horse, and apply whatever remedy he may think fit on their inquiry to recommend for the disease. A more curious collection is that of some North-American Indian legends and fables, from various tribes belonging to California or other Western regions. In these stories we have here and there portions not unworthy of being compared with even the higher sorts of Aryan myths; but for the most part they exhibit a combination of ingenuity and folly which leaves us at a loss to determine whether the causes devised for results or the results which are purely imaginary and generally impossible are the more astonishing. They are legends, moreover, which, from their present form, must have been in a perpetual state of flux. Some of them are perhaps so modified that scarcely a feature has remained unchanged; and we can never, therefore, be sure that they have not been affected by the teaching of Christian missionaries, whose influence in other respects may have been feeble and transient. Such influence may be traced, perhaps, in the story which gives the order of creation as that of fishes first, then of brute animals, and lastly of man, before whom all other creatures are made to pass in order that he may assign to each its rank and its power. The legend of Gard, found, we are told, amongst the Hupa tribe, seems to justify a suspicion of another sort—namely, that its garb has been somewhat changed by the Christian narrator. Gard, it seems, was a devoted teacher of the great lesson of peace and love. But when we read that he besought the Hupa to put away all wrath and all unseemly jangling and bitterness of speech, to dwell together in singleness of love, so that all their hearts may be one heart, we may fancy ourselves reading one of the edifying sermons put into the mouths of murderous and cannibal Mexican kings, not without a surmise that they reflect as much the minds of Spanish monks as the genuine meditations of heathen chiefs. The story of Gard has certain points of resemblance to that of Romulus; but the lessons which he teaches on his return from the land of spirits are vastly more pacific. In fact, he tells them that they must not only hold back their arms from warring and their hands from bloodguiltiness, but must wash their hearts clean as with water. When this happy work has been achieved in them, and the impulses of hatred and vengeance are completely extinguished, then they are to observe a great dance. The orgiastic excitement and the almost endless prolongation of the ceremony stand out in strange contrast with phrases not out of harmony with the Sermon on the Mount.

The Painti story of the Sun and the Coyote speaks of the sun's path as having steps like a ladder; and here we are told that we have undoubtedly a trace of an ancient zodiac myth, which they may have "learnt from the Mexicans or early Jesuits." The explanation seems not urgently called for. The rolling of the stone of Sisyphus to the summit of the hill, from which it rolls again to the bottom, is beyond doubt a solar myth which might be

framed by men who knew nothing of the zodiac, and who might easily imagine steps along the weary way up which he was to toil. Such tales, indeed, may easily be shaped by any people. The acquisition of fire is a subject on which the minds of the most savage tribes would be scarcely less busy than the men who gave form to the myth of Prometheus. Hence we are in no way surprised at meeting with such tales among all these tribes. The strange thing is the perversity of the modes by which the benefit is secured to mankind. The coyote, the lion, the squirrel, and the frog are the means by which the lighted brand is conveyed to man by the hags who guard it; but no thought seems to be bestowed on the difficulty that these media know nothing of the use of fire themselves.

In an interesting paper on the Mabinogion Mr. Nutt opens questions which belong directly to the domain of comparative mythology; but it is unnecessary for us to go into them further than to say that the materials which have there been shaped and re-shaped, down even to recent times, are after all the same materials on which the poets of the Volsung and the Nibelung lays—nay, of almost all other epics of European peoples—have worked. It is the old tale of a bride stolen away with her wealth, and of the troubles and disasters which follow the crime. Mr. Nutt traces the parallelisms with diligence and exactness, and assuredly his labour is not lost, though some other fields of mythological research may be more inviting.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE second part of Herr Moritz Brosch's (1) title-page may be regarded as a saving clause, warding off a criticism which might otherwise be fairly directed against his book. It might be a complaint that we see too little of Bolingbroke himself; that in the analysis, certainly very spirited and entertaining, of the actions and passions of English political parties, the great wirepuller of party is sometimes forgotten by the author until he is almost forgotten by the reader. This oversight, we imagine, proceeds not so much from negligence as from a partially incorrect view of Bolingbroke's place among his contemporaries. "He was," says the author, "a child of his time." It is of course unquestionable that every man whose career brings him into perpetual contact with his fellows must more or less imbibe the spirit of the age in which his lot is cast; but we should have thought that Bolingbroke—except in the department of philosophical speculation—was less a representative of his period than almost any other of its leading men. His course appears to us as eccentric as dazzling, with few points of connexion with the men or things around him. The truth of this estimate appears from his total inability at any time of his life to place himself on the winning side of politics. A man so unscrupulous would have devoted himself to the House of Hanover if he had foreseen that its success was certain. How could a man so gifted fail to recognize a fact perfectly apparent to much duller mortals? We can only answer that he was quite out of sympathy with the English people of his day, and did not understand their desires, or realize the utter impossibility of placing a Roman Catholic upon the throne under any conditions. Nearly all the mistakes of his life—his quarrel with Oxford, his intrigues with the Pretender's agents and subsequent entrance into his service, his attacks upon Walpole when Walpole was impregnable—may be resolved into miscalculations of his interest occasioned by an ignorance of public opinion. What he lost in the substantial rewards of political sagacity he gained in the romantic interest attaching to the brilliant adventurer. Herr Brosch's partiality for his hero is not disguised, but it has not the effect of leading him to palliate his political immorality. It is rather evinced by a disparagement of the other side, who are tacitly represented as scarcely more high-minded or patriotic than Bolingbroke himself—political gamblers, to whom the Hanoverian cards happened to have been dealt. This is unjust. Walpole and his friends were sufficiently corrupt and self-seeking in the minor details of administration; but the side they took on the all-important question of the succession was dictated by genuine conviction and enlightened patriotism. Herr Brosch has made excellent use of the ordinary materials for Bolingbroke's biography, but has not added anything new, with the exception of some extracts from the despatches of the Venetian Ambassador in London, which his own residence in Venice has enabled him to consult. His judgment of Bolingbroke as an author is sound and well weighed; he attaches little value to his political speculations, while allowing him great merit as a pamphleteer; but speaks highly of his historical and philosophical writings, in the latter of which, as Herr Brosch points out, his sagacity anticipated results subsequently attained by the learning of Gibbon.

It is not unreasonable to anticipate that when "the Livonian" (2) comes to his own personal reminiscences he will be more interesting than when he merely retraces at second hand the fading recollections of his grandfather. Otherwise the work of which the present part is but the first instalment would not hold out much promise of interest; and it does, indeed, savour not a

little of deliberate bookmaking. There are nevertheless many bright and agreeable pages, but these usually relate to comparatively unimportant matters, and our hopes of obtaining light on the mutual relations of the Russian masters of the Baltic provinces, the cultivated and land-holding German caste, and the rude aboriginal peasantry, are altogether frustrated. There is, however, some approach to a picture of the condition of the country under the jealous despotism of the Emperor Paul, driven frantic with terror at the spread of revolutionary ideas. There is also a striking account of the destruction of the suburbs of Riga in 1812, a rehearsal of the burning of Moscow. The best pages, nevertheless, are devoted to such comparatively unimportant topics as a trio of remarkable murders and the celebration of Wellington's victory at Vittoria, which, thanks to the liberality of an enthusiastic English resident, was welcomed with more heartiness than any national triumphs.

Dr. Brockhaus observes that the proceedings of the Electoral Diet at Nuremberg in 1640 (3) are little known. For this there is a reason; they were tedious, and unattended by visible results. They have nevertheless some importance as an historical landmark, indicating the close of what Dr. Brockhaus calls the Dietless period, which had continued since 1613, and the commencement of an endeavour on the part of the German princes to get rid of foreign intervention in their concerns by coming to a mutual understanding. Such an endeavour had been made in 1635; but it had only comprehended the Emperor and the Elector of Saxony, whose defection from the cause of militant Protestantism had not materially affected the fortunes of a struggle in which so many first-class Powers had become involved. The Nuremberg Conferences and the subsequent Diet of Ratisbon paved the way for an accommodation which, with true German slowness, was still protracted for eight years. The proceedings themselves, it must be admitted, are of the dreariest character; but Dr. Brockhaus believes in diplomacy, and his patience is proof against the formality and insincerity which would have infuriated Mr. Carlyle.

Professor Hermann Schulze (4) has reprinted from a larger work the text of the various domestic regulations and family compacts of the Royal house of Prussia, including the minor branches of the Hohenzollerns. The public documents connected with the assumption of the Imperial title by the present head of the family, as well as the election of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to the Roumanian throne, are added; and the editor has prefixed a long and valuable historical and legal introduction, tracing the history of the family and expounding the laws and customs to which its members are subject in marriage, appanage, duties towards the head of the house, and similar points.

The late Dr. Nitzsch (5), an historian who had made Niebuhr his model, had long been preparing an extensive work on German history. Part of this work had, previously to his sudden death in 1880, been delivered in the form of lectures; part only existed in the shape of draughts, notes, and memoranda. The attempt to construct a complete history out of these materials has been courageously made by Dr. Georg Matthäi, who admits that it is very questionable whether the work appears in the form which Nitzsch intended, or in one of which he would have entirely approved. The endeavour was notwithstanding worth making; for although the book is necessarily desultory, and rather an assemblage of notes than a continuous narrative, it is still full of point and suggestiveness. The first volume now published comes down to the death of Henry II., in 1024; the two following will bring the history down to the Reformation. The most interesting part of the present volume is the description of the singular blending of Teutonic and Roman civilization in the portions of the Empire subjugated by the Germans, which for a long time brought no blessing to either race—moral corruption to the former, material decay to the latter. No theme could be more worthy of a great philosophical historian; but it is to be feared that German writers, greatly as they surpass the scholars of other countries in accuracy and method of historical research, will for a long time to come be too much under the influence of national prepossessions for a strictly impartial treatment. Under the peculiar circumstances of its publication, Dr. Nitzsch's work obviously cannot occupy the place to which the writer aspired; but it will be found a stimulating and interesting companion to more detailed and elaborate histories.

Some interesting memorials of the primitive German time are discussed by Hermann Möller (6) in his notes on the legends which have been combined to constitute the Anglo-Saxon epos of Beowulf, and his investigation of its original metrical arrangement.

A topographical Dictionary of mediæval Germany, prepared by Dr. H. Oesterley (7), is a compilation of much value and research.

(3) *Der Kurfürstentag zu Nürnberg im Jahre 1640.* Von Dr. Heinrich Brockhaus. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

(4) *Hauserfassung und Hausgesetze des preussischen Königshauses.* Von Dr. H. Schulze. Jena: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Geschichte des deutschen Volkes bis zum Augsburger Religionsfrieden.* Von K. W. Nitzsch. Nach dessen hinterlassenen Papieren und Vorlesungen herausgegeben von Dr. Georg Matthäi. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Das altenglische Volksepos in der ursprünglichen strophischen Form.* Von H. Möller. Kiel: Lipsius & Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Historisch-geographisches Wörterbuch des deutschen Mittelalters.* Von Dr. H. Oesterley. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Lord Bolingbroke und die Whigs und Tories seiner Zeit.* Von Moritz Brosch. Frankfurt: Rütten & Lenzing. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Memoiren eines Livländers. I. Erzählungen meines Grossvaters.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

All the places to which reference is made down to about the middle of the fifteenth century are noted, and, when possible, identified with the corresponding places in modern Germany, and the locality indicated. The precise date of the reference or references, of which there are often several, is always given wherever practicable. Very many cannot be identified at all. An estimate of the percentage of such disappearances of human settlements from the face of the earth would be interesting and suggestive. Owing to the unsettled condition of mediæval orthography, a large proportion of the entries are mere references from varying forms of name.

It is very gratifying to find a foreign writer, inspired by a pure love of the subject and the men, taking so much pains to investigate the lives and vindicate the reputations of such leaders of English thought as Adam Smith and Malthus. No countryman could have done more within the limits which Dr. Leser (8) has prescribed to himself. His researches into the biography of Adam Smith are chiefly directed to the elucidation of such circumstances as have a bearing upon the composition of *The Wealth of Nations*. By an attentive examination of the references to Smith in Hume's correspondence, Dr. Leser arrives at the conclusion that *The Wealth of Nations* was not so entirely composed at Kirkcaldy as has been supposed, but that a great part of it was written in London. It appeared in the eventful year 1776, contemporaneously with the publication of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, the American Declaration of Independence, the Ministry of Turgot, and the death of Hume. It is an interesting and little known fact that Philip Francis, in a minute dated December 1776, when he could only have just received *The Wealth of Nations* from England, appeals to its authority as a standard work; which proves two things—that Francis took care to be supplied with the best literature from home, and that he was quick to recognize its value. Dr. Leser's essay on Malthus is chiefly occupied with the vindication of his claim to be regarded as the discoverer of the true theory of rent. His pretensions are grounded on his *Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent* (1813), a work never reprinted, and substantially incorporated with his *Principles of Political Economy*. According to Dr. Leser, the theory appears to much less advantage in the larger publication; and Malthus's claims have been still further obscured by Ricardo, who had fully acknowledged them in a minor publication, omitting all direct mention of Malthus in his own classical work, while, as Dr. Leser insists, substantially adopting his principles.

"The Organization of Credit" (9), by W. Schraut, is a compendious survey of German credit institutions, from cheques and banknotes to mortgage banks and companies for lending on public securities. Notice is also taken of semi-philanthropic institutions, such as co-operative societies organized on the Schulze-Delitzsch system, savings banks, and charitable loans. The author's scope is in general confined to Germany; he describes the system of post-office savings banks as French, without seeming to be aware that it is in full operation in England. The work is thoroughly practical and financial; economical questions are only incidentally touched upon.

Richard Mahrenholtz's biography of Molière (10) is a most excellent work, showing research, critical acuteness, and such an enthusiastic admiration for the first of comic poets as to make ample amends for the unworthy treatment he received at the hands of Schlegel. It is a good idea of Herr Mahrenholtz's to prepare an abridged edition of his comprehensive work for popular perusal, throwing overboard, as he expresses it, most of the critical ballast. It may perhaps be complained that there is still too much of this ballast, in so far as it consists of general remarks on Molière's position in the world of letters; while there is too little criticism on individual pieces. The lighter and more amusing comedies, such, for example, as *M. de Pourceaugnac*, are dismissed with very brief notice, although, if inferior in subtlety to Molière's acknowledged masterpieces, they exhibit even more of the *vis comica*. Herr Mahrenholtz also seems unobservant of the tragic background which gives such force to the seemingly reckless farce of *George Dandin*. In general, however, the criticism is excellent; the circumstances of Molière's life are well told, and the value of the work is enhanced by a copious bibliography.

Oscar Linke's "Image of Love" (11) is a kind of Greek *Decameron*. The tales of which it consists are supposed to be narrated in the garden of Aspasia, who, as being herself a Milesian, is introduced with propriety as the introducer of Milesian tales into Athens. The company of narrators and listeners is much more illustrious than Boccaccio's, comprehending, among others, Pericles, Phidias, Sophocles, Euripides, and Socrates. If the tales themselves are not wholly worthy of so distinguished a group, they are still pleasing and interesting, and conveyed in a very elegant style, although the imitation of antique feeling is neither very close nor very felicitous.

In "The Foundling" (12) Herr E. A. König has eminently succeeded in combining romance with matter of fact. The story

begins with a wedding and a murder by poison during the wedding breakfast, occurrences sufficiently exciting in themselves, but deprived of their effect by the singularly unimpassioned way in which they are accepted by the personages of the story. So it goes on all through; there is incident enough for a dozen novels, but there is not excitement enough for one. Herr König has considerable inventive but no dramatic power, and the inanimate stolidity of his characters takes the life out of what might have been a very interesting fiction.

The *Rundschau* (13) has two stories—one a very pretty one by Theodor Storm, entitled "Silence"; the other "The Plague at Bergamo," from the Danish of J. P. Jacobsen, of no great merit in itself, but accompanied by a notice of the author by Professor Brandes. According to this, Jacobsen is a great master of Danish prose, a quality which probably disappears in the translation. Baron von Richthofen's memoirs are continued, and narrate how this much-tried diplomatist was despatched from Berlin to Mexico, and from Mexico to Constantinople. In Mexico he was present at Benito Juárez's first conspicuous appearance upon the stage of politics; at Havana he encountered an adventurer who gave himself out as the son of Humboldt, and professed to cure yellow fever by inoculation; at Constantinople, where the affairs of the Danubian Principalities were the subject of discussion, he witnessed a disagreeable scene between Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Sir Henry Bulwer. The only other contribution of interest is an essay on Machiavelli, in which the political immorality inculcated in the *Prince* is palliated as an effect of the author's patriotism, and he is extolled as the first publicist who recognized the mission and destiny of the collective State.

Nearly half of *Auf der Höhe* (14) is occupied by the story which obtained the prize at the recent competition instituted by the conductors of the magazine. "In the Wilderness," by Antonio Andrea, deserves its success; it is an excellent tale, originally told, mainly in animated dialogue. Though presumably the work of an Italian, it is written in German, and the scene is laid in Esthonia. The only other contributions of interest are a paper on European history as narrated by Arabic writers, by Señor Fernandez y Gonzalez; and one by Sacher Masoch on dramatic literature in Austria.

(13) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 9, Hft. 8. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(14) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue*. Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 6, Hft. 19. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Nutt.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

(8) *Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Nationalökonomie*. Von Dr. Emanuel Leser. Hft. 1. Jena: Fischer. London: Nutt.

(9) *Die Organisation des Kredits*. Von W. Schraut. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Molière: Einführung in das Leben und die Werke des Dichters*. Von Richard Mahrenholtz. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

(11) *Das Bild des Eros: neue milesische Märchen*. Von Oscar Linke. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(12) *Der Findling*. Roman von E. A. König. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.